THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE COMMON MAN, by Nuri Eren

Saturday Review

October 31, 1970 50¢

THREE MEN ON A HOBBY

by Irving Kolodin

Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and Eugene Istomin during a rehearsal in Usher Hall for an Edinburgh Festival appearance.

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I must confess that until I read Charles Morrow Wilson's THE COMMONER, William Jennings Bryan was not one of those figures in American history whose story I wanted to know. The "Cross of Gold" orator reputation put me off. Compelling as it may have been to listen to Bryan, the idea of listening to him at book length was forbidding.

But Mr. Wilson, a canny pro with words and history, has managed the impossible—to write a good biography of such a figure without filling it with rich, chewy, indigestible morsels of his spoken words. Instead, what we get is an intimate, warm, even friendly biography of a figure who was sometimes ahead of his time, occasionally behind his time, and in any case usually out of step with it. His ideas about peace and war, his thoughts about "Big Business," the threat of (not to) cities, his notions about strong, silent majorities, bear examination and respect even today. His opposition to the automobile (it would never get off the ground) and such are quaint. These add just the right notes of nonsense to make him all the more appealing.

Bryan ran three times for the Presidency, piling up new records as a loser. And, like others since, he may have accomplished more in the course of losing than he would have otherwise. In fact, even now the thought of Bryan as President strikes terror into the bones of some people. Yet we could have, and some would say hastily, have done worse.

There is a multi-volume biography of Bryan being published over the years by the University of Nebraska Press. Mr. Wilson's biography is not meant to compete with that scholarly work—but rather to provide a readable, portable, engaging, even loving biography of a voluble, engaged, even lovable man out of the American past. This is Americana disguised as biography.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

THE COMMONER ($10.00), by Charles Morrow Wilson, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis, Missouri 63108.

October 31, 1970

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by Irving Kolodin

Cover photo: Erich Auerbach

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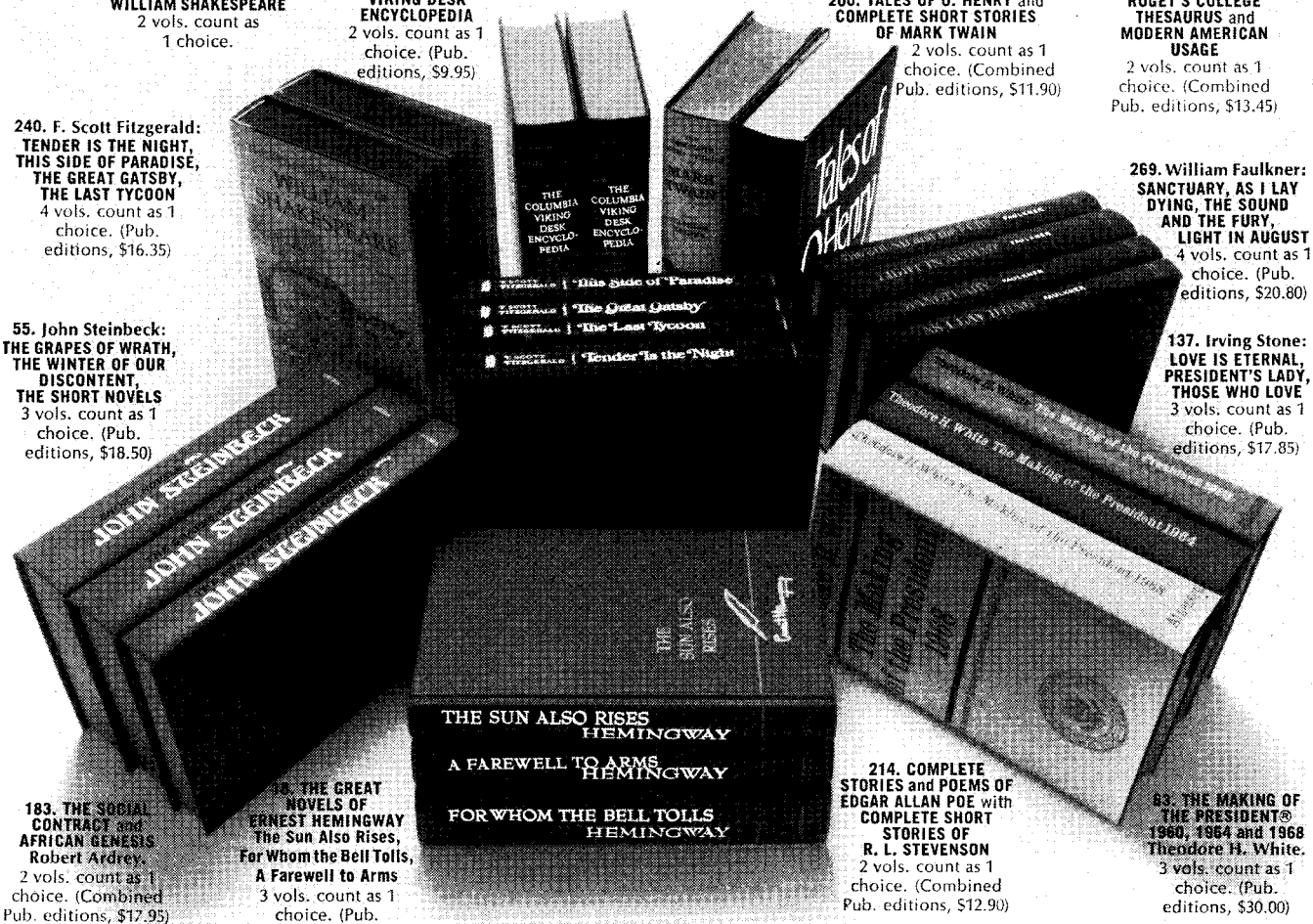

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Twenty million free Americans are locked in slums.

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Of those who graduated from the course, many went on to college.

In a low-income area of Trenton, New Jersey, Shell has opened a modern packaging plant.

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The company began with a contract to package Shell products, and has bright prospects of more business to come.

In cities throughout the country, Shell has made special deposits of nearly one million dollars in banks mostly owned and operated by businessmen of different minorities. These deposits increase the banks' loanable funds to minority businesses.

Shell feels that money for all these programs is well spent. Our goal is to help provide the increased capability America needs. And, of greater importance, to help more Americans share in the tangible rewards of living in this country.

Because without these rewards, freedom has a hollow ring.

SHELL

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Book-of-the-Day Club

HAVE YOU EVER experienced the exhilaration, the ecstasy, the exaltation of going into a bookshop and seeing an artistic array of the book you've written displayed on a table, surrounded by a crowd of shoppers holding money aloft in their clenched fists, fervidly reaching for a copy before the supply runs out? Me neither.

Take my new book. Please. *Ladies and Gentlemen, Easy Aces* is published by Doubleday, and a number of letters from readers (of this column, not the book) have inquired why they can't find the book in their local bookstalls. They have even gone on to imply that Doubleday has set a course to make this a "rare" book, even in its first printing.

That is an unfair accusation. You don't understand the book business. I do. *Now* I do, because I double checked with Doubleday and Mr. Samuel Vaughan, my personal publisher, who clarified it in a long, long phone call, during the course of which period thousands of book lovers were fruitlessly frisking their favorite fairs for this phantom folio.

I won't go into every detail of the publishers' mysterious method of getting their new books into the bookshops, but to sum it up briefly, I think it goes like this:

1) Bookshops will order and display a new book prominently if it is a Best Seller.

2) A new book can become a Best Seller only if it is ordered and prominently displayed by a bookshop.

Quid pro quo; simple as c, b, a.

This is my second book with Mr. Vaughan. My first book, five years ago, sold very well, he kept telling me. Well, actually, he didn't say it quite like that. Every time I phoned to ask how it was going, he said, "It's selling very well for a book like that."

I didn't know then what "a book like that" meant. I was afraid to ask, because he might tell me. But at the end of the year when the royalty check arrived, I learned that "a book like that" sold 1,850,000 copies fewer than a Best Seller written that same year by Jacqueline Susann.

But every book can't be a Best Seller. We all know that there are only ten Best Sellers. If you're eleventh, nobody loves you till enough people love your book to put you in the top ten.

It's not that this latest book had ever hoped to be a Best Seller. I had conditioned myself to accept Better Seller. Or, in case someone accidentally triggers that last final nuclear explosion, I would settle for Fair Seller. In any instance, a book, to become any kind of seller at all, must first be unpacked and brought up into the shop from the cellar.

Oh, yes, another thing Mr. Vaughan told me, and he seemed to think this was important, was that if there is "action" on the book in the shops, the owners will order more. Which means people calling up and ordering or coming in and buying it. It's the domino theory: One book bought is another book sold.

So I decided to make a personal survey of the bookshops in Manhattan. Due to this self-imposed anonymity that I enjoy, and because my picture on the cover of the book was taken long ago by the inventor of the camera, old Henry Kodak himself, I was able to mingle unnoticed among the crowds of book browsers. While these trips to the stores have not been exhilarating, or ecstatic, or exalting, they *have* been depressing.

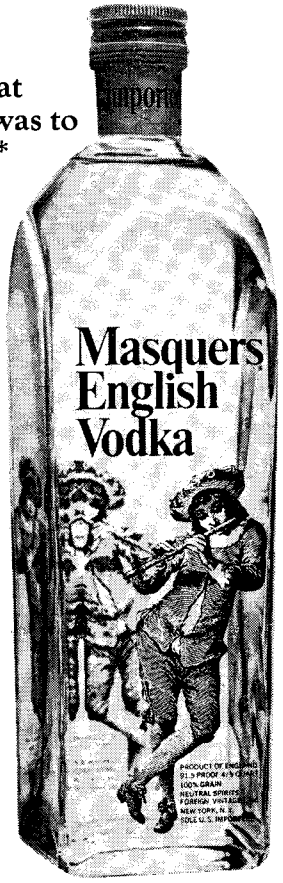
The first shop I visited had the book displayed, along with many others, on a rack marked Humor. It wasn't what you'd call "prominently" displayed, unless you came into the shop from the back door—which this shop did not have. But there they were—seven copies neatly stacked. I counted them. That was the only action around that rack.

I returned the next day to see how the action was with the seven copies. There had been some action. Now there were eight books. I quickly realized what had happened. Somebody had returned one. It was high time for some action. I bought one. Ring up one sale.

And so every day for three weeks I started the action in other stores. A book a day, another royalty check a day. Every author his own best seller. By the end of the second week of trotting all over town hunting down bookshops, I was footsore and weary. Even my picture on the front of the book began to look drawn and haggard.

Makes you wonder—poor Jackie trudging all over town getting the action started on her 1,850,000 copies.

English Vodka is to vodka what Sadlers Wells was to Russian ballet.*



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*The Sadlers Wells Ballet Company founded by Ninette de Valois in 1931 transformed many a classic Russian ballet into a characteristically English phenomenon before (in 1957) becoming the present-day Royal Ballet.

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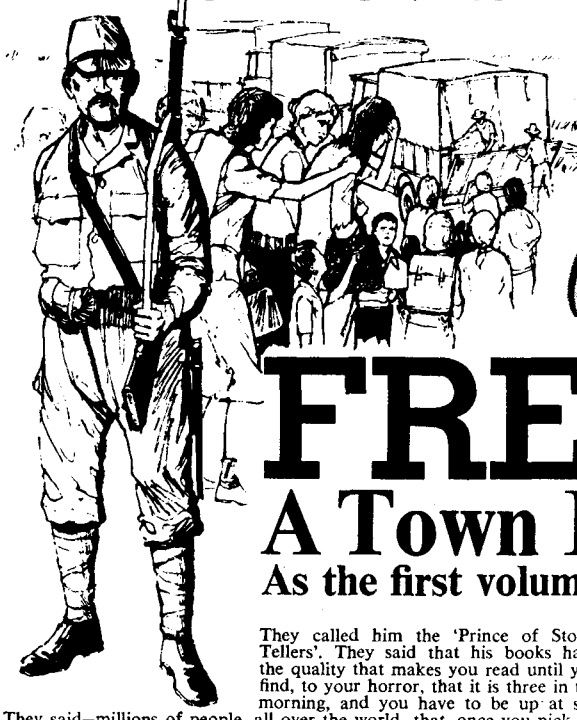

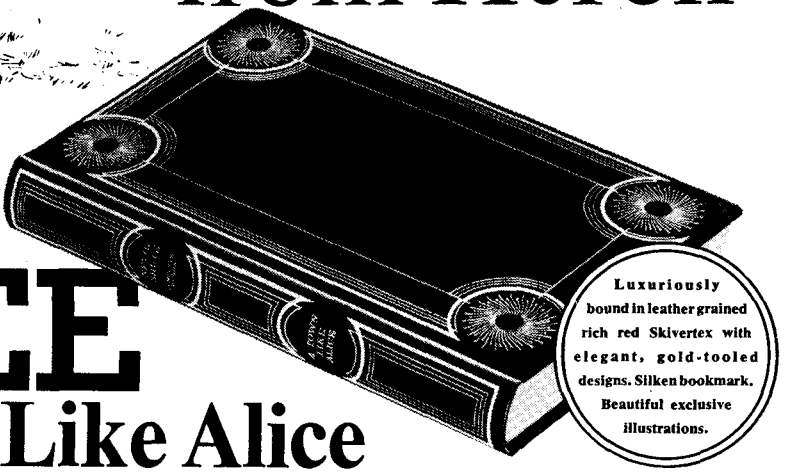

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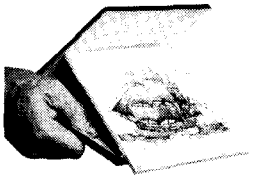

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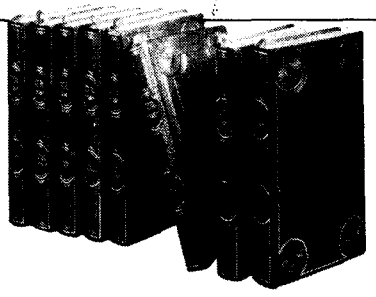

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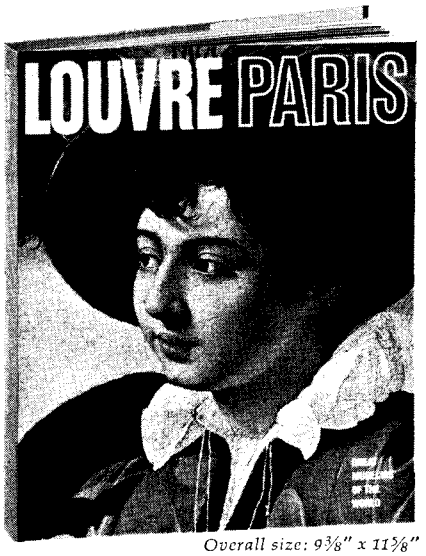

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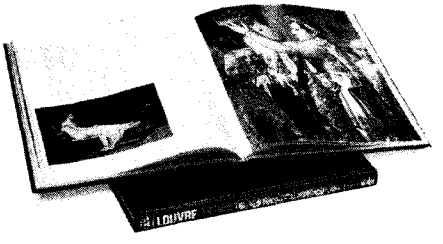

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Propriety Undermined

IN THE IMPORTED British hit *Conduct Unbecoming*, playwright Barry England deliberately presents all the pomposities of a British regiment in colonial India plus the conventional clichés of old-fashioned melodrama. Yet, because it all seems highly accurate and is performed with credible sincerity, the play and its concerns thoroughly engage a modern audience.

These concerns are simple. A misfit young lieutenant angers his superiors by his indifference to their code of behavior. So when he is caught assaulting the attractive widow of an officer, a subaltern's court vehemently sets out to convict and punish him with only a nominal concern for justice. The honor of the regiment must be maintained by stamping out all disrespect for its traditions of gentlemen's privileges and gentlemen's obligations.

The court makes the mistake, however, of appointing to defend the accused a young officer who has a "bourgeois" notion of honor. His nonrebellious but fair-minded pursuit of the truth brings out into the open facts that threaten the regiment's traditions in much the same way that some recent presidential commissions have objectively reached conclusions that have embarrassed the Establishment. The regiment's response to this exposure is to correct this particular instance of abuse of privilege without in any way altering the traditions that made it possible.

These traditions are personified by Captain John Scarlet, who died a hero's painful death in a recent Indian battle. Indeed, Scarlet's uniform is permanently on proud display in a glass case in the regimental mess, and it is emulation of Scarlet that leads another officer to a vicious and perverse use of his sword on women. The playwright has not made this portion of his story very clear, perhaps because he is anxious that we see the officer's behavior as the result of all regimental influence rather than as an isolated psychotic act. Although one can sympathize with the author's intention, the play is somewhat marred by its vagueness on a point so crucial to its suspense and its resolution.

Under Val May's direction, the performances demonstrate the absurdity and underlying nastiness of prescribed officers' behavior, but at the same time retain their human authenticity. Indeed, the most applauded portrayal on opening night was that of Donald Pickering as the severe adjutant who unfairly commands that the trial be speedy and avoid going into matters that might offend the Establishment. Mr. Pickering makes us see his intense need to regard himself as the protector of a code of honor that is higher than scrubby justice. Michael Barrington's mustachioed Colonel Strang looks like something out of a comic opera, but we come to recognize that his appearance and manner are the logical outgrowths of a lifetime of presiding over the artificialities that make up so large a part of military life. Jeremy Clyde as the indolent young lieutenant who wants to be dismissed from the service in order to return to a less vigorous civilian life is most amusing, even though his initially welcome quality of intelligent indifference to authority makes it difficult for us to believe his eventual conversion to the nonsense of regimental schoolboyishness. Paul Jones as the lieutenant who begins by being most anxious to conform and ends up alienated has an easier task, and we find his reluctant opposite journey deeply impressive.

Finlay James's bright costumes and aromatic Indian setting contribute sparkle and color to the proceedings whose old-fashionedness is overstated. But audiences should not be deceived. *Conduct Unbecoming* is also modern in its understated indictment of unjust military traditions that still prevail today.

One might expect old-fashioned charm in a new production of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. However, director André Gregory and his New York University School of the Arts Company (which whimsically calls itself the Manhattan Project) use the old story to express their confusions and misgivings about our contemporary world.

In accord with this fresh and subjective interpretation, designers Eugene Lee and Franne Newman have remodeled a small theater called the Extension into a half circus-half nursery in which there are one hundred seats of assorted shapes and sizes. As in Grotowski's "Poor Theatre," everything seems to be made of discarded pieces of junk. The performers make their first entrance through a frame covered with pasted-together newspapers. Their costumes are threadbare, tattered, and dirty so that they resemble children who have been playing outside the supervision of hygienic-minded adults.

Because this "Alice in Reduced Circumstances" grew out of confusion, the Jabberwocky sequence has been placed at the beginning. Then the action reverts to the placid Victorian exterior of Lewis Carroll's time, as the company pantomimes a boating afternoon in the English countryside. But the peace is violently shattered by Alice's descent down the rabbit hole, the experience of which is splendidly created by twirling and flinging Alice about. From this point on, the company dramatically explores selected episodes from the book, but unless one has read *Alice* recently, much of the action is difficult to follow. For instance, the caterpillar's smoking a hookah while sitting on top of a mushroom is most imaginatively done with a cluster of four bent-over actors forming the mushroom, and the arm and forefinger of one of them being used as the tube and mouthpiece of the hookah. Obviously, this scene's effectiveness depends upon our instantly recognizing the caterpillar, the mushroom, and the hookah. Perhaps the Brechtian device of announcing such pertinent details between scenes might help.

What one admires about this production is the totally engaged life-and-death ensemble playing of the actors that gives their confrontations the desperate urgency of a nightmare. In this way the tea-party scene becomes really dangerous, with Jerry Mayer's portrayal of the Mad Hatter coming as close to true madness as our stage has seen in some time. Similarly, Humpty Dumpty's fall, achieved by an actor toppling from a perch of precariously stacked chairs and breaking an egg against his forehead as he does so, is most effective.

There is also a good deal of humor in the production's sophisticated modern allusions. Almost all of this is accomplished by the way in which the actors deliver Carroll's authentic dialogue, although at one point a pompous speaker inserts, "May I make one thing perfectly clear . . . ," which is, of course, recognizable contemporary rhetoric.

What is difficult for the theatergoer is an absence of much of anything to hold on to. Somehow we do not ever become very concerned with Alice's succession of predicaments, and the only form is a simple intensification of the nightmare to the point where Alice escapes by awakening.

Thus, this *Alice* probably is not quite the masterpiece some claim it to be. But it is an extraordinarily well-realized achievement by a dedicated theater group working with an excitingly original and beautifully disciplined approach.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Headline of the Week:

MT. ST. AGNES COLLEGE
WELCOMES FRESH MEN

It was spotted by a rector, too—the Reverend Richard Lundberg of Pikesville, Maryland. He found it in the *Northwest Star*. Meanwhile, our Caption of the Week was found by our friend Joy Picus in a San Fernando Valley newspaper. She found it under the picture of a very charming young lady, too. Read the caption:

> Deborah Marie Banks reigned as Queen of Dog Week last Sunday. . . . She has also held the title of Miss California Prune and Miss River Downs.

From here on, we figure, it's got to be all uphill. In any case, our Advertisement of the Week was located in the *Maine Times* by Mrs. Nelson Sandford of Damariscotta:

> **UNUSUAL OPENING FOR** A widow, 45 to 55, who likes dogs and gardening. She should be college-educated and a good sales person (a background in history, genealogy and art won't hurt). She must be capable in the areas of ceramics and painting, and must be willing to accept an apartment as part of her earnings. She must be attractive and have no children who would want to live with her, and have a strong desire to live in Maine. If you feel that you are 90% qualified, and don't weigh more than 130 pounds, write box 78, Wiscasset, Maine.

It's nice to know there's one state without too much of a help problem. Elsewhere on this subject, however, there was trouble—as witness a UPI interview that was sent to us by many people. The interview was with Julia Child, author of a new cookbook on French Chefery:

> "We feel it's dying out," she said. "France has the same difficulty getting killed help as we do here."

Not to mention their days off. But a Canadian reader at least found good news in this regard for the future. His name is H. R. Percy of Ottawa, and he found it in the Ottawa *Journal*:

> MONTREAL (CP)—Quebecers disturbed by the rising cost of dying soon will be able to make all funeral arrangements in advance, and at today's going rate, the Quebec Corporation of Funeral Directors and Embalmers said Wednesday.
>
> And all it will take is a few dollars a month or a lump advance payment.

The headline was PAY NOW, DIE LATER—and somehow it seemed to say it all.

It isn't easy interviewing at a cocktail party, but we managed the feat, in Beverly Hills, with Valerie Delacorte, author of *The Devil and His Disciple*. Furthermore, although the book is nonfiction—the story of the disciplined Valerie's marriage to the devilish Hungarian director and producer Gabriel Pascal—we also managed the feat in the presence of Valerie's present husband, George T. Delacorte, head of the publishing empire of Dell (Delacorte Press, etc.).

What, we asked Valerie for hors d'oeuvres, was the chief difference between the late Gabriel and the present George? "Money," she said. "Gabriel was always broke." Now it was George's turn. "In Valerie's life," he said, "I'm the late late show."

Valerie ignored him. "I started the book," she said, "in 1954, right after Gabriel died. I started to write in Hungarian. Before that I had a column in several papers and movie magazines, and I wrote O. Henryish sort of stories, generally making fun of women." She sighed. "Then I switched to English for the book. I spoke it well enough, but speaking a language and writing it are two different things. I had somebody helping me, but just as I could never wear a secondhand dress, I could never write a secondhand sentence.

"To me," Valerie continued, "words have colors. Sex is red, for example. Night is black." "Valerie dreams in colors, too," put in George. Valerie smiled. "I felt," she said, "I had to write the book. I always felt I was a kind of mediator between Gabriel and his higher self. He really was an awful bastard—he was a real one, too. He liked to describe himself as an orphaned bastard."

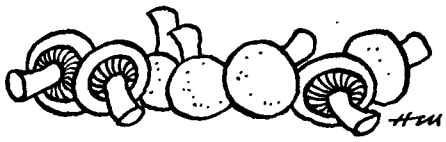
We asked her if she thought women were generally attracted to bastards. "I don't know," she said. "All I know is that besides being a bastard, Gabriel was fascinating. I think a woman really likes a man who has brains and imagination and is creative—but who is also a little sad."

Again it was George's turn. "Yes," he smiled, "Gabriel was sad, all right—a real sad case." Did you, we asked, ever meet him? "No, thank God," he replied. Did you, we persisted, help Valerie with her book? "No," he said. "Right from the beginning I decided I wouldn't either help or interfere in any way, shape, or manner. I've read literally hundreds of autobiographies where you can actually spot place after place where somebody has gotten to the author and made him leave something out. And they're usually the only really interesting places, too.

"So I decided," he continued, "to let Valerie do it any damn way she pleased. But I also decided one other thing." He smiled. "I decided I would never publish it.

"Actually I did offer it to one of my companies, but the editor there turned it down. I run my companies that way. I let my men make their own mistakes. After all, if they make too many of them, I can fire them. But if I make a mistake, who can fire me? And it's lucky—because I've made some whoppers."

We asked him to name them. "Well," he said, "I'll give you three of them. The first was the paperback rights to *The Godfather*. I had bought them for



$425,000—guaranteed minimum royalties. Then they insisted I take another book for $75,000, and I said the hell with the whole deal. *The Godfather* has already done $6-million.

"A second mistake," he went on, "was *TV Guide*. David Sarnoff's brother, you know, started it. He was a window cleaner. I think his biggest concession was the windows at Radio City. Anyway, Sarnoff was afraid he'd run up a lot of debts and he'd have to bail his brother out. So he asked me to take it over. I wouldn't. Then a year later, when it was already very successful, I was offered it again—for a million. I turned it down again." He shrugged. "Well," he said, "I wasn't the only one. Luce and Cowles turned it down, too—and then Annenberg took it. Do you know what he makes out of it?"

We shook our head, and hastily we changed the subject back to George's third mistake. What, we asked him, was that? "Marrying Valerie," he said.

It was Valerie's turn again. "You see," she said, "Gabriel wasn't the only bastard I married."

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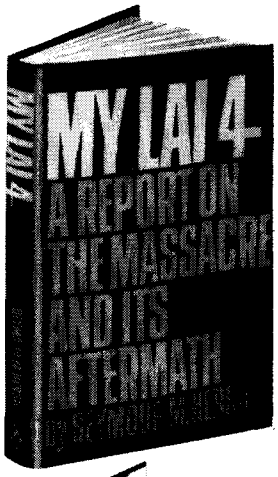

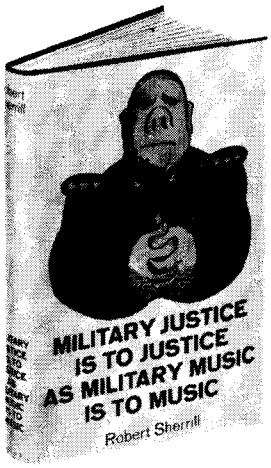

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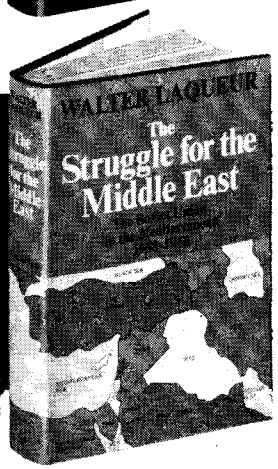

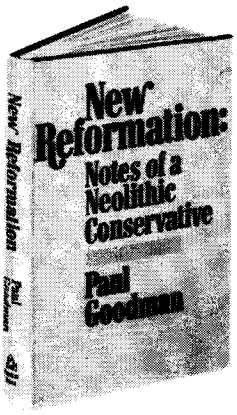

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The United Nations and the Common Man

"Maybe the process of serving the individual rather than the effort of transforming nations will give mankind the universal peace that has eluded it for so long."

by NURI EREN

At the San Francisco Conference of 1945, the founders of the United Nations were primarily concerned with formulating controls that would ensure peaceful relations among sovereign governments. But the traumatic experience of the Second World War, in which the minds of men had engaged in conflict long before arms were committed to battle, also had taught them that international peace and security rest ultimately upon the spiritual and physical well-being of individual citizens within the states. From the beginning, therefore, plans were to create a U.N. system of "special agencies" to promote the health, education, and living standards of the average human being. Today, while peace between nations seems as distant a goal as ever, U.N. service to individual citizens has bloomed beyond all expectations and has slowly and quietly fostered, especially in the "underdeveloped" world, an increasing realization of the relation between personal freedom and welfare and global security. Maybe the process of serving the individual rather than the effort of transforming nations will give mankind the universal peace that has eluded it for so long. In this context, the first twenty-five years of the United Nations deserves to be truly celebrated.

First, the U.N. system is helping millions of individuals to improve the conditions of their material existence. In the U.N. system seventeen different agencies specialize in promoting education, health, economic growth, social development, agriculture, ecology, and communications. Almost 90 per cent of the budget flows into these efforts, servicing two-thirds of the world's peoples who are needy, and answering some need or another for almost all of them.

For example, consider the case of Sadik Harbi. Today he functions as a fully qualified primary school teacher. When Algeria became independent in 1962, he was only fourteen. Eighty per cent of the teaching staff in the country had quit because they were French. Harbi was one of those recruited into a crash four-week teacher-training course by UNESCO experts. Later, while the fourteen-year-old taught elementary school, he received further evening instruction in a U.N. training center and used teacher-training materials provided by U.N. agencies. Now, with 15,000 other monitors, he belongs to the new and up-to-date army of primary school teachers in Algeria.

Sadik Harbi's experience was part of a worldwide U.N. effort to spread primary school education to millions of children in underdeveloped lands. Tens of thousands of peasants have been transformed into teachers like Harbi. In Carthage, Tunisia, for instance, Ridwan Hilali's students love their school. Hilali, along with 3,000 other Tunisians, has been trained in new techniques of education and teaches his classes how to test the soil, value their food, and handle electricity. Four million additional children will be attending schools in Tunisia as a result of U.N. assistance. Meanwhile, in Latin America, U.N. help in founding and modernizing primary teacher-training schools has helped 90,000 teachers, thereby increasing school attendance from twenty-five million to sixty million pupils in nine years. Altogether, U.N. training programs operate in seventy-seven countries.

The effort has been extended to secondary and higher education. For example, Eduardo Lopez of Lima, Peru, is spending this year in Santiago, Chile, at the Training, Experimental and Educational Research Centre sponsored by UNESCO, learning to be a secondary school director. The program calls for 2,000 trainees. When they all return to work they will help an extra five million Latin American children receive secondary education. In Africa the success of the Higher Teacher Training Institute in the Sudan has prompted the founding of additional institutes in seven other African countries. Two million pupils in Africa will benefit from these new teachers.

Thousands of students also are in universities today as a result of U.N. efforts in higher education. The Middle East Technical University in Ankara, Turkey, was founded initially with U.N. assistance and funds. In India the United Nations supports postgraduate engineering studies in eight new regional colleges to help the country to meet its increasing need for technical personnel. In Latin America the United Nations family collected $200-million for upgrading and modernizing university education in the Southern Hemi-

NURI EREN is Turkey's Ambassador and deputy permanent representative at the United Nations. The views expressed are not necessarily those of his government.

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sphere. This program embraces all universities on the continent.

U.N. efforts in health and nutrition also have touched millions. In the African Republic of Mali they call them "United Nations guns." Appropriately, the guns are vaccine injectors and they shoot to save people from communicable diseases such as smallpox, cholera, and yaws—the deadly enemies of Africa and Asia. In India alone malaria cases have dropped from a hundred million to 150,000 a year. The United Nations has vaccinated 226 million persons in ninety-five countries against tuberculosis. It has protected 39 million children from trachoma and five million against leprosy.

Two U.N. agencies, the World Health Organization and UNICEF, with an annual joint budget of $140-million, are especially concerned with health. In the isolated town of Madurai on the south tip of the Indian subcontinent, for example, people are drinking safe milk for the first time in their lives. UNICEF-sponsored milk-processing plants operate in 200 communities around the world. In Thailand's Prae province and in many Andean countries UNICEF plants manufacture iodized salt, the one protection against goiter.

U.N. agencies have created new lands for landless peasants. Ahmad Badawi, a camel herder of eastern Jordan, has turned into a prosperous dirt farmer, thanks to underground water recovered by a United Nations specialist. Farmers in the Vardar River Basin in Yugoslavia, in Sebou River Region in Morocco, in Wadi Jizan in Saudi Arabia harvest rich crops from vast tracts of land reclaimed by U.N. flood-control programs. A United Nations-sponsored five-year project has opened 988,400 acres of virgin forest in Ecuador. U.N. efforts in Nigeria, India, and Brazil have increased the production and export of tropical woods to more than $1-billion a year.

All of these international programs were carefully planned. Of the sixteen organizations in the U.N. family, the U.N. Development Program and the World Bank Group are the key strategists. The Development Program has spent $1.6-billion in research to help a host of nations to use their natural resources more productively. The World Bank Group has provided the capital for building the technical infrastructure needed to develop these capacities. It has provided millions with electric light and energy, new ports, railways, water supply and sewer systems, telecommunications, new industries, even research centers for technological development. In 1969, the Bank Group provided nearly $1.9-billion toward the development of public services, transportation, industry, and agriculture in twenty-five countries. In the last two decades its contribution to some one hundred nations has totaled almost $20-billion.

The United Nations also has sought to provide the human resources necessary for industrial production. In India, for example, 150,000 workers in forty industries received their training from 4,500 U.N.-sponsored instructors. U.N. institutes operate in more than sixty countries and train thousands of managers and technicians every year. The Institute of Technological Research in Colombia, for example, taught coffee planters a new technique in depulping that helped to bolster Colombian coffees' position in the market. In Ghana more than 100 of the top officials in government services took training from the U.N. Institute of Public Administration.

Another major accomplishment of the United Nations in its first twenty-five years has been its contribution to law in all lands. One revolutionary aspect of the charter signed in San Francisco was its explicit recognition of the close relationship between a nation's decency toward other nations and its decency toward its own citizens at home. The charter also reflected the conviction that the fostering of human rights constitutes one of the essential conditions of international peace and that these rights must be protected internationally. From the first, this concept took a firm hold of the corporate

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conscience of the U.N. family. Even in the hectic postwar era it influenced many peace treaties. On the recommendation of the United Nations, Bulgaria, Finland, Hungary, Italy, Rumania, and Japan pledged themselves to the observance of human rights in their new postwar constitutions.

But it was the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the U.N. on December 16, 1948, that set mankind moving toward an international standard of individual rights. The pursuit has been relentless and unbelievably successful.

First, the declaration's recognition of "self-determination" as a fundamental human right shook the foundations of the international community. The insistence that the subjugation of alien peoples constitutes an impediment to peace led to the independence of some sixty countries within fifteen years. Today, a mere handful of people remain under alien rule, and the U.N. family continues to fight indefatigably for their liberation.

A closer look at the developments within the U.N. system reveals the two-pronged process by which the declaration enabled common man to achieve his elevation to international status. First, the declaration and similar assertions of principle set up standards of behavior for governments in their relationships with their own citizens. Though not binding on the states, these principles influenced legislation and initiated the internationalization of the rights of individual citizens. As a Southwest African testified before a U.N. committee: "Whether the declaration has been binding or not, we have learned through it those rights which are ours to demand."

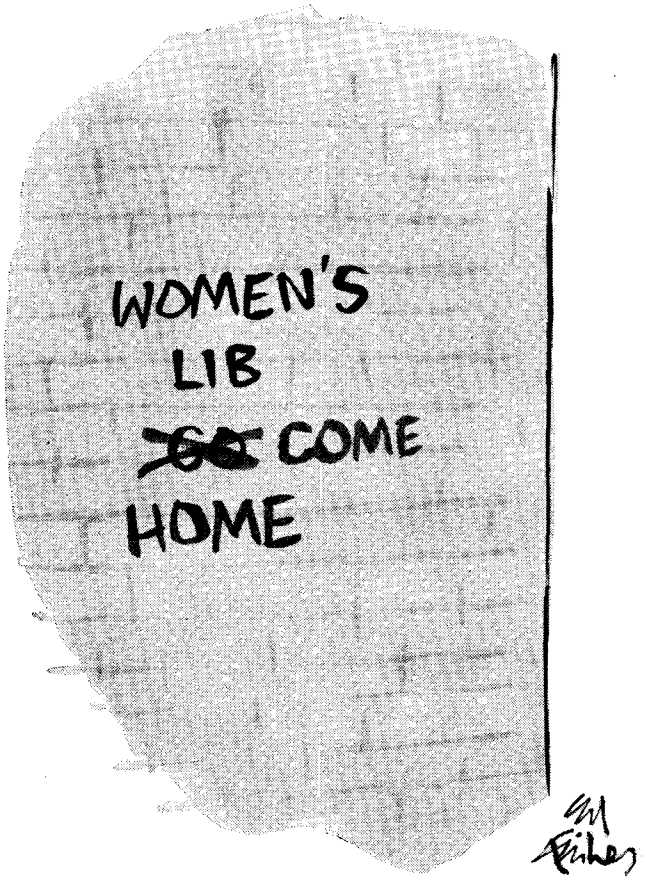
Ratified by sixty nations and therefore transformed into national law, the declaration affected the fundamental law of citizens' rights in these countries. The result was to spread the liberal ideas of the dignity and worth of the individual. Nine countries cite the declaration as the source of the freedoms to which they commit themselves in their constitutions; forty-one others have incorporated the declaration's freedoms into their own constitutional system. Still other nations, such as Libya, had their fundamental laws drawn up by U.N. experts.

The second prong of the escalation of the individual to an international status is constructional. The principles enunciated by the declaration were gradually transformed into more explicit, binding terms for the enjoyment of these rights by the individual citizen. In the past twenty years the U.N. system produced thirty-seven agreements affecting every aspect of the political, social, and economic life of common man. For instance, the Convention of the Status of Women has influenced life in almost every land. One hundred and thirty countries have granted voting rights to women since 1946. Ninety countries have extended other political rights. In France married women were given the right to own property. In Austria women were allowed to conserve their permanent civil service status after being married.

In fact, principles inspired by the United Nations have left few areas in national legislation unaffected. In 1951 and again in 1954 Ontario's legislature adopted two acts to eliminate discrimination "because of race, color, creed, nationality, ancestry, or place of origin in order to meet the standards proclaimed by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights." In Bolivia a legislative act reaffirmed the equality of opportunity for all and declared that "national education shall be inspired by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights." In Panama a law condemned discrimination as a flagrant violation of the Universal Declaration. In the United States the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Economic Act of 1964 include the substantive rights of the U.N. declaration, as do the principles of the Age in Discrimination Employment Act of 1967.

The declaration also has influenced judicial action. The International Court of Justice has referred to it on various occasions. Its principles have pervaded national courts, including those in the United States. The declaration was cited in the New York Supreme Court in 1950 and in the U.S. Supreme Court in 1949. With the enactment of two additional covenants in 1966, the United Nations has completed the transnational legal framework that has increasingly affected individual citizens for the last century. The slow accretion of U.N. services in this area has given the individual an international identity beyond his status as citizen of a state.

The main question now is how effectively the common man's new legal standing can be realized and enforced internationally. The record so far is impressive and encouraging. Operations have begun at universal, regional, and national levels. Intergovernmental groups have been formed to deal with various aspects of citizen rights. A UNESCO Commission for Conciliation and Good Offices settles disputes over discrimination in education. An expert committee of eighteen nations spawned by the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Racial Discrimination focuses on complaints in this area. The Fact-finding and Conciliation Commission on Freedom of Information already has dealt with 450 cases involving disputes over freedom of expression. The International Labor Organiza-



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tion (ILO) receives complaints from workers' and employers' organizations about infringements of rights.

Each year a report on rights is compiled. The reports are compiled on a three-year cycle. One year, it is on civil and political rights; the next year on economic, social, and cultural matters; the third year on freedom of information. These reports help to promote and to protect those rights through international scrutiny.

The United Nations has evolved a system of hearings and on-the-spot observations by U.N.-appointed missions. In 1963, a U.N. human rights mission visited Vietnam. In 1967, the ILO sent a study group to Spain to examine the trade union situation. In 1969, Secretary General U Thant dispatched a representative on humanitarian activities to Nigeria. More recently, the U.N. constituted a special committee for investigating the human rights of the peoples affected by the Arab-Israeli War.

More significantly, the U.N. has moved to the point of regarding infringement of basic human rights as criminal acts. The General Assembly has branded "apartheid, as well as all forms of racial discriminations," as "crimes against humanity." Previously, of course, Rhodesian and South African infringements had been universally regarded as threats to peace. The General Assembly had adopted thirty and the Security Council six resolutions regarding South Africa; upon Rhodesia the council has imposed economic sanctions and other restrictions.

The regional commissions on human rights have developed effective international machinery for supervision and adjudication in matters concerning the rights of common man. The Inter-American Commission on Human Rights and the European Commission on Human Rights allow individuals to appeal against their own governments. The European commission can receive petitions from any person, nongovernmental organization, or group of individuals claiming to be the victim of a violation by its state. In fact, by the winter of 1968 the commission had received 3,700 such complaints. The European Court of Human Rights constituted by the convention has adjudicated many such cases. In 1967, for example, affirming its jurisdiction in the complaint of 327 French-speaking Belgians about laws requiring education of their children in Flemish, the court ruled that the Belgian practice violated the European Convention on Human Rights, which forbids discrimination in education.

From the beginning, the United Nations remained so committed to the material welfare of the common man that for almost two decades it resisted accepting official responsibility for the individual's political and socio-economic rights. The organization also seemed so concerned with the rights of colonial peoples that it deliberately neglected the non-colonial. But involvement with apartheid and racial discrimination developed political attitudes and practices that paved the way to a more universal involvement. In October 1966, a resolution was passed in the General Assembly inviting the Economic and Social Council and the Human Rights Commission to give urgent consideration "to the ways and means of improving the capacity of the U.N. to put a stop to violation of human rights wherever they might occur." In 1968, the evolution progressed one step further when the Human Rights Commission adopted a resolution for handling complaints by individuals against their own governments "in cases revealing a consistent pattern of gross violation."

The final step in implementation and enforcement will be the appointment of a High Commissioner for Human Rights. Also proposed are an Organization for the Promotion of Human Rights and finally an International Court for Human Rights. The realization of all of these projects will not and should not free the individual from the control of his state. On the contrary, these groups will reinforce his legal status within his own nation in the same manner that the development of the nation-state reinforced the ties of the individual with respect to his family through institutionalizing marriage and inheritance laws.

In the quarter century of its existence the United Nations can claim certain achievements in ordering the life of mankind. For instance, it has learned to deal with the problems of contemporary society and environment in a universal and transnational manner. It has developed institutions with transnational outlooks and means. It has forged a corporate conscience responsive to all mankind that imposes on all states a sense of international accountability for whatever they do abroad, as well as at home.

But its service to common man tops all these achievements. In a world where giant organizations threaten to dissolve the individual into a nonperson, it has lifted the worth and dignity of the common man into international status. Maybe this achievement more than compensates for its failure to order a world without war. Perhaps this is the beginning of a new era in which men bonded across their national boundaries by the same freedoms will eventually feel and live as citizens of one world. For initiating this era, the San Francisco meeting twenty-five years ago can be rated as one of the most important events in the history of man.

"You ignore her struggles and go on venting your rage and hate. You slap her again. You rip her blouse straight down the front. You kick her. You smash your fist full in the face, breaking her eyeglasses. And suddenly, without her glasses on, you find she's beautiful. . . ."

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Making Congress More Effective

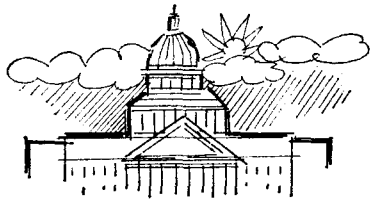
The ancient cliché of the hard-headed businessman has traditionally suggested a stuffy, conservative fellow out to make money and, utterly lacking in sentiment, a very practical person. Since most businessmen have to be practical to stay in business and must continually make difficult decisions based on facts and not emotion, the cliché places the most recent statement on national policy by the Committee for Economic Development squarely in the realm of hard-headed thinkers and not woolly-headed dreamers. The subject is how to make Congress more effective, and the suggested changes are specific, practical, and, for the most part, long overdue.

This country, says the CED's latest white paper, is in the throes of change, and Congress, like every institution, must respond as business concerns of all sorts, universities, even religious institutions and the family are being subjected to continuous modification. The CED puts it this way: "The formulation of public policy is a joint responsibility shared between Congress and the executive branch, but in the final analysis it is Congress that adopts (or rejects) legislation that determines the health of the economy, the national security, the character of life both urban and rural, the condition of the environment, and the levels of generational, racial, and other group tensions. The people of this country have every right to insist upon a responsive and effective Congress."

To get down to specifics, the CED, which is operated wholly by business leaders in North America, urges among other things the following steps:

- That the federal fiscal year be changed to coincide with the calendar year so that appropriations may always precede expenditures.
- That Congress establish and observe deadline dates for both appropriations and authorizations.
- That annual authorizations be discontinued; that authorizations should be made along project lines and fully funded for minimum terms of four years.
- That evaluation of program performance, in terms of both dollars and objectives, be heavily stressed.
- That means for comprehensive review of the annual budget be established and used, relating total revenues and expenditures to the current state of the economy.

Every sensible mature adult is aware that the present Congressional approach to fiscal affairs is completely indefensible. Time and again the national financial stability has been endangered—and is endangered right now—because of antique Congressional procedures in fiscal-economy matters. The five changes recommended above would bring about fundamental improvement in the ways Congress now handles the people's money, methods much better suited to the highly agrarian economy of a century ago than they are to the chiefly urban economy of today. Only fifty years ago 30 per cent of the country's population lived on farms; now fewer than 5 per cent do so. But Congressional procedures have never taken this dramatic sociological switch into account.



Other recommendations in the CED's latest policy statement include the long-standing denunciation of the Congressional committee system. CED insists on abandonment of seniority as the sole basis for the selection of committee chairmen and seeks more democratic ways to operate committees, including many more open hearings. Rotating chairmanships, fewer standing committees but broader jurisdiction for each, and more intelligent use of joint and select Congressional committees are among the recommendations for making Congress more effective.

In any case, it is heartening that so distinguished a body of businessmen as the CED has taken sufficient interest to attempt to halt the erosion of popular respect for Congress at the same time that serious reform proposals are being made in both houses of Congress and in a splendid recent study by The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, captained by Rexford G. Tugwell, suggesting practical changes in the American Constitution. Among proposed reforms are improvement in the Congressional code of ethics, full disclosure of political and campaign financing, and installation of modern voting procedures that would eliminate forever the secrecy now surrounding teller, standing, and voice votes in the House of Representatives. That hard-headed businessmen, academic authors, and political leaders themselves are taking prompt action on several fronts to restore public trust in the legislative system is of itself heartwarming and optimistic.

The great British Prime Minister William Gladstone once said of the American Constitution that it was the most remarkable work to have been produced by the human intellect at a single stroke. One of the facts that have made it so is the flexibility of that great document, including the right of Congress to bring itself up to date at any time in the future. Let us now then take advantage of that flexibility and bring our legislative procedures up to the new marks of an utterly altered postwar world. The CED has mapped a channel with carefully placed buoys and we disregard such practical intelligence at our peril. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Editor

The Question of Indignation

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "For Men Who Want to Be Indignant" [*SR*, Oct. 3] was challenging and thought-provoking. It made me ponder this subject further and propose some additional thoughts to those already stated.

Insane, power-hungry people in positions of leadership or political control may indeed assassinate a nation or the entire world if the pressure of their position indicates or the opportunity comes to them. Relatively sane men in tenuous control of their nations' armed forces have refrained from thermonuclear and germ warfare despite the availability of huge inventories.

These same sane men, including presidents of the United States, secretaries of defense, chiefs of staff, ambassadors, and field commanders, have continued to employ very simple instruments to kill vast numbers of soldiers while these terrible threats to our very existence are held in abeyance. The rifle, the mortar, and the howitzer have claimed more lives in the past twenty-five years than the combined casualties of Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Hamburg.

And yet men are not indignant. The asinine news reports of weekly combat casualties in Indochina are a reflection. Newscasters appear to brag that there were fewer than one hundred American soldiers killed. During a recent week, sixty-eight U.S. soldiers were killed. It may not mean much to the administration, but it means very much to sixty-eight mothers, fathers, and widows, and the children of these men who were killed by very pedestrian means: rifle, mortar, and howitzer fire. The survivors of these dead men are probably indignant.

The potential horror of thermonuclear, chemical, biological, and radiological warfare numbs our minds and senses to the daily eradication of the best of our youths, and the enemy's. As a matter of policy, every senior field commander in the U.S. Army should be required to accompany the bodies of his casualties and face the survivors. They should be instructed to explain why it was important to capture a hill, sustain casualties resulting in death, and then retreat and leave it to the enemy. There are many ex-GI fathers who have lost their sons or sons-in-law in Indochina who would welcome an explanation.

LT. COL. GEORGE M. LINDSAY, USA (RET.),
San Francisco, Calif.

N.C.'s RECENT EDITORIAL seriously misses the impact of practical (if not always pragmatically formulated) deterrence in influencing events of crisis. N.C. asks, "Would Adolf Hitler, in those last desperate days of World War II, have hesitated to use weapons of world holocaust if they had been at his disposal? These weapons now exist." Germany discovered nerve agents and produced large stockpiles prior to and during the Second World War. Adequate delivery means were available. Inaccurate Nazi intelligence was used to conclude that the Allies possessed an equivalent capability. We did not. The United States detonated its stockpile of nuclear weapons to convince the Japanese high command that capitulation was imminently advisable.

Perhaps deterrence or its illusion is not relevant in the cases of SS-9s versus ABMs or armed airline guards versus hijackers. But I prefer these symbols of deterrence to the outcries of indignant men, until they can demonstrate some degree of influence and control over irrational man.

WALTER L. BUSBEE,
Marietta, Ga.

Man Equals Woman

DIANA TRILLING'S article "Female Biology in a Male Culture" [*SR*, Oct. 10] is the only article I've read by a woman that gets across the point of women's liberation without attacking the male in some kind of devastating, castrating way.

Mrs. Trilling clearly sees that man's idea has been that nature (including women) must be conquered and used. Human nature will be no better off if women adopt the same attitude toward men that they have had toward women. Human nature will be better off when—and only when—men *and* women realize that they are equally important cogs in the great scheme of things.

MRS. LARRY JOHSENS,
San Jose, Calif.

The Lure of Sicily

KATHARINE KUH'S article "The Art of Sicily" [*SR*, Oct. 3] is dreaded and welcomed at the same time. I discovered Sicily fifteen years ago. As a painter, it is to me what the South Pacific was to Gauguin. In these fifteen years, I have become obsessed with the landscape.

The "absence of viewers" that Mrs. Kuh speaks of is quite true, and more tourists would certainly help the island's depressed economy, but I thought I was the only person who knew of Pantalica. After driving over an unpaved road for an hour and standing alone on the cliffs, I was the only person in the world. Certainly when I pick wildflowers at Segesta, or climb over the Selinunte ruins in the white heat of August, there is no one around. Have other eyes seen Serpotta and Ferraro? Does anyone else know that the Prince of Palagonia was seen walking in the streets of Palermo by Goethe?

Mrs. Kuh's article was very good, but I am selfish and hate to share my island with others.

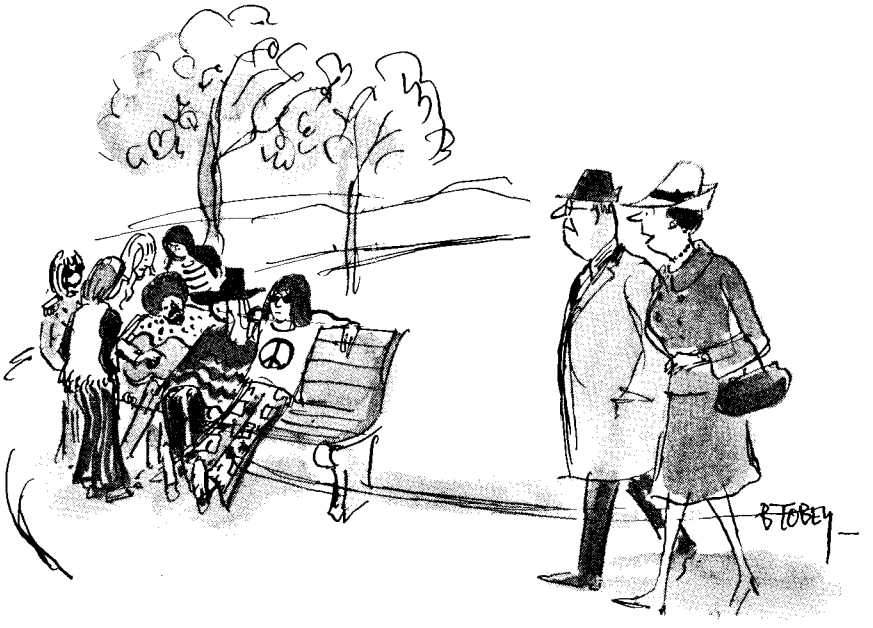
GEORGE VYE,
Staten Island, N.Y.

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Katharine Kuh brought back fond memories of a five-day circle tour I made of Sicily three years ago.

The photographs were particularly striking, but the one captioned "The surviving telamone at Agrigento," according to our Sicilian tour guide, was a hoax. He told our group that someone had placed loose stones together in the form of a giant man; the completed figure presumably meant nothing.

Accordingly, I checked Mrs. Kuh's caption with books by two art historians: Margaret Guido's *Sicily, An Archaeological Guide* and Luigi Brea's *Museums and Monuments of Sicily*. Both volumes contain photos of the telamone and indicate that Mrs. Kuh was indeed quite accurate in her description. Sicilian guides should study their art history more industriously.

MILTON GOLDMAN,
Baltimore, Md.



"You can do what you want. If they give us the peace sign, I'm returning it."

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SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

America the Beautiful?

To account for a plethora of motorcycle movies, I suppose we must reach for the obvious and assume that a Yamaha or a Harley is a potency symbol. But, if cycles represent hoped-for manhood for the title characters of *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*, it is also much to the film's credit that it sees the racing scene as a grubby substitute satisfaction for the dreariness of the lives of the participants. And, although young audiences may patronize the film hoping for cheap thrills, they may wander out puzzled and chastened, for it has suprising maturity for its genre.

Good as it is, it might have been better. When I read the script by Charles Eastman (published by Noonday Press), I got the impression it was essentially the story of a commonplace young man by the name of Little Fauss, whose shyness is breached by a swaggering hustler of the dirt track, Big Halsy. Fauss uses his machine to compensate for his lack of what might be called a meaningful relationship. For Halsy, his bike seems to be an auxiliary phallus. The emphasis of the script was on Fauss. He is taken in by Halsy, and taken by him time after time. Eventually, Fauss learns to appreciate the Durocher dictum that "nice guys finish last" and decides that Halsy's way is preferable. Since Halsy turns out to be a loser, not unlike the hustler played by Paul Newman, we can assume that Fauss won't get far either.

The story thus would appear to be Fauss's, but the emphasis in the film somehow shifts to Halsy, and this is because, as played by Robert Redford, he is by far the more fascinating. Michael J. Pollard, who plays Fauss, is clearly not in the same league with him as an actor. While Redford literally creates Halsy (his greasy smiles, his phony self-confidence, his vulgar boldness with girls are marvelous to behold), Pollard, beset by his usual mannerisms, merely re-creates himself. There was a casting problem, in other words, and because of it the film's force is diluted.

Nevertheless, this is far from being just another motorcycle picture. There is racing, but just enough to provide authenticity. It doesn't matter in the least who wins, for the film's largest concern is character—individual character as represented by the two racers and, perhaps more important, the character of the American milieu that produces so many daredevils growling on wheels through dirt and dust. There is none of the romantic haze that obscures the meanings in *Easy Rider*. And there is none of the melodrama of the much earlier *The Hustler*. Instead, this is a rock-bottom glimpse of a segment of *Lumpen* America. These, too, Eastman and the film seem to be saying, are the people. And where Sandburg added yes, this movie says no.

Little's mother is a fat slob. The girls who hang around the tracks are characterized even by their horny wooers as "dogs." When Halsy gets a derelict girl pregnant, mother and child are packed in his pickup truck with the Yamaha he has been able to cadge from the wife of a dead racer. To add to the overall hollowness, the races are presented as showcases for equipment manufacturers, who, while sponsoring events, are merely out to sell helmets, leathers, and motorcycles. Redford's performance is magnetic and memorable. The film as directed by Sidney Furie is vivid enough to look at; it also has some of the keenest, sharpest dialogue yet heard in movies.

Dissatisfaction with American life runs deep in *WUSA*, a film coproduced by Paul Newman and starring himself and Joanne Woodward. Set in New Orleans, Newman is an itinerant newscaster and disc jockey who finds employment with a radio station (its call letters are WUSA) that promotes its own version of patriotic Americanism, the backing provided by, of course, a millionaire (Pat Hingle) who is all smiles and joviality. The fascistic overtones are all too clear. Less clear is the intent of the director, Stuart Rosenberg, and the writer, Robert Stone (who adapted his own novel *Hall of Mirrors*), for they devote much of their attention to a pathetic floozy (Joanne Woodward) and a welfare worker (Anthony Perkins) who flounder on the periphery of the millionaire's machinations.

The film's largest strength comes from what the camera catches: a horrendous patriotic rally, a cemetery for the impoverished dead, the messy remains of a Mardi Gras. But, while the acting is good, the lines are not. No one ever says straight out what he means, and this, I'm afraid, is the fault of a turgid script that never manages to coalesce into a drama, and a director unwilling to clarify. Too bad, because everyone concerned apparently was trying to say something.

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The End of Pornography

by HERBERT GOLD

THE NEW OLYMPIA READER
edited by Maurice Girodias
Olympia Press/Sherbourne, 891 pp., $15; paperback, $1.95

BLUE MOVIE
by Terry Southern
World, 287 pp., $6.95

Last Christmas Eve, showing the sights of the big city to a visiting academic friend, we just happened to be in—um, one of those bookstores on Polk Street in San Francisco that also sell 8-mm art movies, feelthy love beads, a few leather items, and posters "as you like them," and that shelve their books according to such classifications as "Homosexual," "Lesbian," "Hetero," "S & M," etc. In the miscellaneous collection of works on lesser known variations in the art of love, there was a novel about an affair between a lady and a cockroach, entitled, as I recall, *Mrs. Metamorphosis*, by Franz Koffka.

The store was filled with yuletide shoppers doing their gift-buying late. We watched a purchase being consummated, wrapped, and ribboned, and then the clerk asked the customer: "Do you save Blue Chip stamps?"

At that moment, I think, I finally realized that the pornographic part of my childhood, the pure and lonely coupling of boy and book, was over. Pornography is now assimilated into American commerce. No more comic pamphlets in the bushes by the playground; no more furtive visits to the screening rooms of the Elks Club or the VFW; no more fret about whether D. H. Lawrence or Henry Miller will make it out of Paris-sent dufflebags. You get Blue Chip stamps with your Olympia Press purchases now. The Southern California knockoffs of Olympia books don't even have to have those prefaces "by Earnest M. Pffuffnik, M.D." in order to make it just like serious literature.

The problem is critical for Maurice Girodias, founder of Olympia Press and the Henry Ford of modern pornography. He depends on repression, and now must function out in the open, with insufficient persecution by the state. How would you feel if you had ambitions to be a rapist and all the girls cried, "Try me! me!"? It makes Girodias a little nervous (see his elegant autobiographical fragment, printed as a sort of appendage to *The New Olympia Reader*). Modern history has continually narrowed his field of action. For example, in his office on the rue Saint-Séverin in Paris I once came upon a dusty pile of gray-bound books. They were not only dirtier than the green-bound books—filthy, depressed, horrifyingly scatological—they were also listless about grammar and spelling. "Maurice! What's this!" I cried.

"Oh," he said, with that wonderful languid self-deprecation that has charmed and enraged a whole generation of pornographers, "that's the Gray Series. I don't print it anymore.

"Ever since the British gave up India, the Gray Series has fallen off." It depended on the colonial system, he explained, on men away from home for long periods.

American occupation troops were not readers, but the English in India or Africa tended to write long letters to their wives in Devonshire, and make do with the *Série Grise*. He sighed. He wasn't proud of the Gray Series, but still, it was his very own child, limping, drooling, spastic, unloved by polite society. Now he would have to give all his passion to the Green Series, a savant mixture of cunning eroticism, such genuine works of literature as *Lolita*, *The Ginger Man*, and the works of Henry Miller, put-ons like *Candy*, and hot-lipped doodles by genuine artists stranded in Paris.

The Girodias brand of pornography is not solemn and dietetic in intent; it's full of cholesterol and beans, rambunc-

HERBERT GOLD has written a number of volumes of fiction and essays, the latest of which is *The Great American Jackpot*, a novel published earlier this year.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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tiously old-fashioned, joyful in its kinkiness, recognizing dramatic melancholy as a possible way out of the disease of melancholia. Just as no writer commits suicide while writing about it, so probably few writers make love while writing about love; and this abstraction, along with a pretense of immediacy, makes art possible and discretion necessary and clear conception essential. Sexual writing is not the same as sex. Erotic writing mediates between art and sex, but pornography tries to perform the mediation without your being aware of the medium—like a deluxe product sold for prevention of impotence only. Olympia looks olympianly upon impotence and seems to say, "No, this state is not final, try again." Try laughing, for example. If any man could make the profession of pornographer respectable, it would be Maurice Girodias; but then again, if any man would put it back in bad repute, that man would also be the elegant M. G. He has been ahead of his time in many ways, even employing lady pornographers in large number and paying them just as badly as his men. At least one of them, Harriet Daimler, is among the wittiest of his filthy scribblers.

A few years ago Mark Schorer, Eugene Burdick, and I, along with clergymen of various faiths, testified in the courts of San Rafael, California, on behalf of a bookseller accused of purveying Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. (O ancient history, how quickly thou dost draw nigh!) The district attorney kept reading me passages such as " 'I want to ——— on the flag and ——— on motherhood. . . .' Now you consider that an example of art of redeeming social importance, Mr. Gold? A writer who says that?"

"Did Henry Miller say that?"

"He did."

"Let me see it."

And the D.A. would lean forward, show me the text, and I would point out that there were quotation marks around the statement. It was therefore spoken not by Henry Miller but by a character in his book. "Well, then, why does he say it?"

"Because he's that sort of person."

"Who?"

"Max—the character."

"Then so is Miller."

"Not necessarily. Miller is depicting—"

"Well, if he doesn't mean it, why does he say it?"

My little disquisition on the philosophical import of quotation marks left the D.A. enraged. If he doesn't mean it, why does he say it? If he says it, doesn't he mean it? Of course, there are other matters of intention involved in the projection of character, especially with a writer like Henry Miller, but these fine distinctions were thumping limply against the wall of enraged propriety.

The incident has an ambiguously happy ending. The bookseller was acquitted. It turned out, however, that the main element that saved him had nothing to do with the writers, the distinguished professors, the pious divines who had spoken up for the dangerous chances of literature. The poor suburban bookseller was an astrology buff, and he had stocked the book because he thought *Tropic of Cancer* was a work that belonged on the shelves with the tarot cards, the palmistry manuals, and Nostradamus. The jury decided that he had committed pornography without knowing what he was doing. We were pensive at the victory celebration (being a Pisces, I am naturally pensive).

Later, with the cases of *The Love Book*, Ron Boise's ironwork, and *Zap* comics—"It makes me laugh, and that's of redeeming social importance," said a museum curator—the Bay Area seemed to have been liberated for words, pictures, sculpture, *papier-mâché*, and filthy ink blots.

Now many instances of contemporary commercial profiteering seem safe from the danger of ever being regarded as literature. Their function is merely to titillate. But the category "pornography" seems to have been emptied. To take a recent entry: Viva's "novel" *Superstar* (Putnam, $6.95) is a mere gibber of obscenity, perversion, speed-sped rappings and zappings, a document perhaps of some curiosity to aficionados (are there any left?) of Warhol and his crew, his factory, his films, his dream of chic monotony. While it has some documentary value, the attempt to stitch it together to make a book or a novel adds obscenity to the pornography in the sense that the publisher wishes to capitalize on notoriety without talent, illness without energy. It may be, of course, that this book is bad history, not the novel it is billed, and therefore it is the people who are pornographic and not the writing, which is merely dirty, desperate, and pitiable. In that case, the publisher is the culprit for his mislabeling of the product. If it had been called a record of breakdown and illness, and treated as a document for study, it might have had some value. This is a demonstration of the way presentation affects a judgment of violation. When we are all sad urban sociologists, we may be obliged to study Viva's confessions. (I can see the publisher's advert now: "All urban sociologists obliged to study Viva. . . ."—Herbert Gold.) Until then, it is a part of the long publishing history of fake books.

On the other hand, Terry Southern's *Blue Movie* is filthy and funny, a pretty fair combination. It describes the making of a high-budget, all-star stag film in the spirit of *Candy*, with a cast drawn from Hollywood stereotypes. It is written in extreme camp. While it turns up its button-cute nose at the idea of art, and perhaps even has a base impulse to titillate, it is a knowing, on-target satire aimed at those loyal readers who write letters to *Evergreen Review* that all seem to say something like: "Ooh, goody, Mr. Editor, please, please, please give us more stories about ladies wrestling in the mud!"

The Organ, a magazine published in San Francisco, cannot easily be quoted without excisions or library bans, but it is a perfect illustration of the refusal to accept morality as a guide in journalism, literature, or poetry. It appears to realize that its aphrodisiac function

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

One of the musical instruments listed below is associated with each of the real and fictional people in Column One. Jeanne Berman of Peoria, Ill., asks you to attach each instrument to its virtuoso, and to identify him or her with the appropriate author. Credits are spelled out on page 31.

1. an Abyssinian maid ( )	A. bagpipe	a. anon.
2. St. Cecilia ( )	B. clavichord	b. Browning
3. Jean-Christophe ( )	C. dulcimer	c. Coleridge
4. Esmeralda ( )	D. guitar	d. Doyle
5. Baldassare Galuppi ( )	E. lute	e. Dryden
6. Sherlock Holmes ( )	F. organ	f. Hesse
7. Lachlen McLachlen ( )	G. phonograph	g. Hugo
8. Miriam ( )	H. piano	h. Huxley
9. Pablo ( )	I. saxophone	i. Keats
10. Porphyro ( )	J. tambourine	j. Patrick
11. Maurice Spandrell ( )	K. timbrel	k. Poe
12. Roderick Usher ( )	L. violin	l. Rolland

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can best be fulfilled by style and serious wit. The commune of young people who whomp it up aims to enjoy sex in all ways, including laughing at it (they describe *The Organ* on the subscription form as "a refreshing retinal massage"), and they are also seriously interested in reporting their world. They serve up earnest parajournalism about the Cockettes (a group of transvestites who do their own version of the Rockettes, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and the U.S. Cabinet), along with poetry and tales in the surreal mode, translations from the followers of *Ubu Roi*, and articles on the erotic angle of financial or cooking news.

George P. Elliott, who has written feelingly about pornography and in his own writing shows a powerful sense of sin and violation, is the only serious writer I know who has both a deep consideration for literature and a conviction that censorship should still be exercised. His argument is complex, and I shall not attempt to do justice to it here.

Its most curious element is the notion that without censorship the illicit thrill of reading pornography will be lost. He treasures the scene we recall from our childhood: discovering the magic erotic power of obscene words behind billboards in the city or in the woodshed. In effect, he says that without censorship and a sense of the illicit there can be no pornography, and without pornography our lives are diminished. A Lutheran conscience leads him to advocate book-banning but to wink at surreptitious selling, where guilt adds to the thrill. Danish sanitizing strikes him as hardhearted. He prefers the rifled suitcase, the furtive back street, the expensive sacrifice.

I may be exaggerating a mere byway of Elliott's thoughts on the subject (his recent essay on nihilism goes much deeper), but I think it shows the ambiguities of a conservative and idealistic temperament which nonetheless admits that love's tent is pitched in the place of excrement. True pornography recognizes the power of love, but devotes its energies to sapping that power and denigrating it. Pornography circles obsessively round and round the subject, trying to defeat it by horror or humor, and when the horror or humor have been calculated by a deep mind they once again become testimony to fecundity—in other words, the specific increase of life which is art. A classic case is the opera *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, whose libretto, written by Apollinaire, was allegedly intended to stimulate Frenchmen to increase the birth rate. Of course it only stimulates laughter and dining out. It may have

(*Continued on page* 64)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Act of Faith

CARLOS BAKER MAKES IT CLEAR that a failure of craft was central to Hemingway's terminal depression. It is extraordinarily improbable that "When he went down into the basement . . . and selected the weapon that would end his life, Hemingway . . . forgot about art," as John W. Aldridge avers [*SR*, Oct. 10].

In the era of Vietnam, Hemingway's heroic philosophy does indeed seem childishly simplistic. As Ray Bradbury has suggested in "The Kilimanjaro Device," Papa probably wished that he had died on January 10, 1954, somewhere beneath the western slope of a mountain that held the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. But, of all men, Hemingway knew best that Fate is a great teller of dirty jokes, and his suicide was almost certainly an act of faith. However much Mr. Aldridge and I may disagree with that faith, it is to Hemingway's credit that he did not abandon it in the eleventh hour of its testing.

A. PETER HOLLIS,
Wilson, N.C.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S *Islands in the Stream* (which I have not read) may be an inferior book indeed, perhaps even worse than the awful *Across the River and Into the Trees*, but surely it cannot be as bad as the fatuous article loosely dealing with it. The article or review or critical appraisal or whatever it was is typical of articles written by seemingly smug scholars who like to dig up all the minutiae they can, pile on a few truisms, cover it all with their pet -ologies and then bury in the mess a few obversations about the matter at hand. The relationship of *Islands* to Hemingway's other novels and its autobiographical implications may be relevant, but as I read the article, on and on, I kept thinking, "Get to the point, man! Get to the point!"

WILLIAM J. KILKENNY,
Galesburg, Ill.

The CP and the BEF

A RECENT CORRESPONDENT [BOOK FORUM, Oct. 3] suggested that Professor D. Clayton James had failed to do his homework in his volume on General Douglas MacArthur because James found no basis for the General's belief that the Bonus March was "A Communist assault against the federal government." The critic cited Benjamin Gitlow's later statement that Moscow had ordered American Communists to infiltrate the Bonus Expeditionary Force for the purpose of inciting revolution.

Lack of space prevented me from discussing Professor James's arguments. However, he gave full space to Mr. Gitlow's statement and then concluded on the basis of official documents, jury indictments, and other testimony that: "Few authorities on the subject question the Reds' presence and intent in the affair. But there is also little doubt that the Communists failed in both of their objectives; they neither controlled the BEF nor provoked a revolution. The executive committee of the Comintern, meeting in Moscow in early 1933, adopted a resolution denouncing the American Reds' failure to influence and lead the proletariat during the demonstrations of the previous year." He went into the grand jury report and notes that indictments were returned against only three marchers (all of whom had been wounded in action in World War I), and its final report "did not mention the presence of Communists."

FORREST C. POGUE,
Arlington, Va.

Daniel and the Mushroom

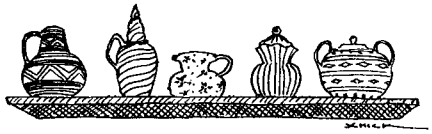
TWO OF YOUR BOOK FORUM CORRESPONDENTS [*SR*, Oct. 10] say that John Allegro's "sacred mushroom" idea is a perverted hoax, a slur on the Bible. The Old Testament (King James Version) contradicts them.

In 8 and 10 Daniel the ancient wise man describes visions that were apparently induced by a drug which fits Allegro's description—one derived from a fungus that grew rapidly out of the ground like the mushroom, was penis-shaped, contained a poison strong enough to produce stomach pains and acute illness, and was regarded as sacred.

Allegro's book makes an effort toward "understanding dark sentences" with which both the Old and New Testament abound. He contends that the New Testament story of Jesus and the Apostles is a cover story to protect and preserve the ancient knowledge of the *pitra* cult, who were hounded and persecuted by both the Romans and the Early Church. He says that the names of Jesus and His associates could not be revealed in the early writings, for many of them were still alive, and to give their right names would have been to sign their death warrants. If there was a hoax it was not Allegro's. His fault is in overlooking 8 and 10 Daniel.

The New Testament need not be literally true in factual detail in order to be a foundation of religious belief. Whether it is a cover story, as Allegro argues, or whether it is shaped to fulfill that "which was spoken by the prophets," as we are warned in Matthew (1:22 and 2:23), it has served a purpose—it has brought an answer to man's age-old question: Am I alone, or does Somebody care?

JOHN F. MATTHEWS,
Louisburg, N.C.



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ORDEAL OF AMBITION: Jefferson, Hamilton, Burr

by Jonathan Daniels

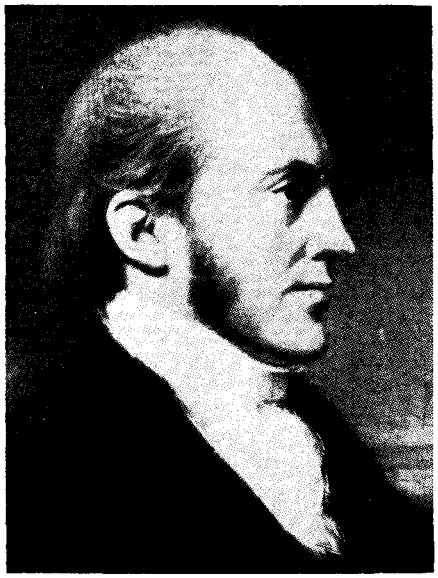
Doubleday, 446 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Wilson Sullivan

■ The "interlocking enmity" of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and Aaron Burr is the subject of an absorbing study by Jonathan Daniels. While Mr. Daniels concedes that all three men have been "sufficiently scrutinized as separate figures," he is persuaded that they have been inadequately examined in "their companionship and conflict," especially with regard to Burr's role in this triangle of ideological conflict and political cupidity. In seeking to redress the balance between Burr on one side and his more illustrious antagonists on the other, Mr. Daniels has succeeded admirably. He has written a book of profound scholarship, charged with drama, irony, humor, and symbolic detail. In the most commendable traditions of popular history, he has produced a work at once daring in scope and valuable in new insights and accents.

Despite his stated admiration for Jefferson, Daniels avoids the pitfalls and fatuities of both idolatry and demonology—the curious silences, the muted facts and brazen omissions that beset the best biographies of these men. Rejecting the old cliché figures of Jefferson as the untarnished "patrician sage of democracy," Burr as the "luminous traitor," and Hamilton as the "slightly soiled martyr," Daniels offers us a credible, three-dimensional study of these statesmen of the Revolution, approaching each with a rare and scrupulous objectivity.

Perhaps, as Mr. Daniels insists, "Mr. Jefferson is safe on his pedestal. Hamilton's picture properly graces the American ten-dollar bill. Colonel Burr, like Lucifer, will never be lifted to the heavens from which he fell, or was 'hurled headlong.'" But I doubt that even the most seasoned scholar of the Revolution, after reading this beguiling book, will be able to look at these three men with quite the same eyes. Perhaps it is in the intimate juxtaposition of their lives that Daniels turns his biographical trick. Perhaps the book's power lies in this North Carolina editor's no-nonsense, punchy style, or perhaps in his courage: he discusses miscegenation at Monticello, entertains the possibility that Martin Van Buren *was* Burr's own son, and questions Hamilton's still doubtful role in throwing the election of 1800 to Jefferson in the House. I don't know. What is certain is that Daniels has written *history*, as Morison writes it, as Chinard wrote it, as anyone who wants to rescue it from both the pedants and the pamphleteers must write it if it is to live, if it is to have relevance, if anyone is to care about escaping its errors or recapturing its ideals.



—Courtesy of the New York Historical Society

Aaron Burr—"pivotal role in a historic political triangle."

Of the three men, Hamilton emerges least changed. George Washington's adjutant remains the social-climbing, dashing, quasi-monarchical, would-be military adventurer we've known; the illegitimate son to whom men in the mass were "a great Beast"; the architect of the continental government and of the Eastern financial and mercantile hegemony that would alienate the landowning states-rightists of the South and nourish the seeds of civil war. This is a stereotype of this immensely complex man, but, when all is said, a useful one.

The previously accepted stereotypes of Jefferson and Burr are neither useful nor accurate, and Daniels will have none of them. I'm certain that Daniels bows to no man in his esteem for the penman of liberty, but it is precisely Jefferson's grandeur in ideology that illumines his peccadilloes, even his venality, as a politician. No man is all of a piece, wholly good or wholly bad, not even "Long Tom" poking about his lilacs and lucerne at Monticello, reading Bacon and Epicurus, or studying the origin of the rainbow. Jefferson wooed and counted his votes to the last Tammany ward. He waged a press war (always piously backstage) against the Federalists as scurrilous as that directed against him.

Nor, as Daniels makes clear in more detail than that dared by—or perhaps known to—any of Jefferson's other biographers, was the Sage of Monticello above retaining spies to gather political intelligence. Notable among them was one John Beckley, who would be rewarded with no less a post than the first Librarianship of Congress for scandal-mongering and informing for the Jefferson machine. Again, we are made aware of Jefferson's shocking intervention as President in the Burr conspiracy trial, during which he virtually called for Burr's conviction for treason, in defiance of the very Bill of Rights Jefferson had asked to be tacked on to the Constitution. As administrator of the Alien and Sedition Laws, John Adams had little right to comment on Jefferson's ugly lapse, but he did: "If [Burr's] guilt is as clear as the Noon day Sun," Adams thundered, "the first Magistrate ought not to have pronounced it so before a jury had tryed him." I wonder how many are aware of the sequel to Jefferson's intervention—how Jefferson and his lieutenants, even after Burr had been repeatedly acquitted of conspiracy by U.S. courts, virtually forced his exile to Europe and even there harassed him. Not until Jefferson retired to his books at Monticello was Burr allowed to leave England, in disguise, to live out his last pitiful years in America.

As Daniels concedes, the truth of Burr's actual intentions in his adventures in the West and South will probably never be known, that is to say, whether he intended a liberating expedition against Spanish-held territory or, as Jefferson himself seems to have believed, Burr meant to establish a new South-West American Republic, embracing Mexico, with himself as its chieftain, in collaboration with other adventurers, secessionist-minded Federalists, and even the British. Certainly, as Daniels demonstrates, Jefferson had personal cause for alarm on several counts when he saw in Burr a threat to the Virginia Presidential succession. On the other hand, Burr's association with the likes of General James Wilkinson, a double agent in the pay of Spain and an ally later to turn accuser, could not have endeared him to any devotee of the Union, including Andrew Jackson, who at first supported Burr's expedition. Again, this whole episode is so charged with secrecy and invective that it is difficult to appraise accurately.

In his evocation of Burr's personal life Daniels offers new light. With his penchant for ferreting out unknown or forgotten facts, he moves well beyond the duel at Weehawken to remind us, for example, not only that Burr introduced Dolley to "the great little Madison," but that it was to Dolley, as President Madison's wife, that Burr's daughter Theodosia appealed for clemency toward her exiled father. "Why," young "Theo" asked Mrs. Madison,

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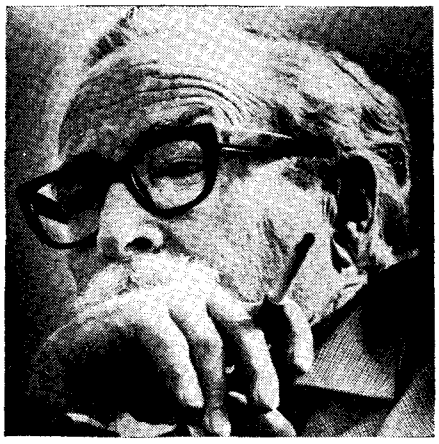
" . . . is my father banished from a country for which he has encountered wounds & dangers & fatigue for Years? . . . . Why is he driven from his friends, from an only child, to pass an unlimited time in exile. . . ?"

Indeed, the Burr correspondence, particularly that between young Theo and her father, is frequently moving, even tender. "My vanity," Theo wrote to her father when he was in extremity abroad, "would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; . . . . I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man." Nor was the family correspondence without humor. In a letter to Theo's husband, Joseph Alston, Vice President Burr hailed President Jefferson's rhetoric in saluting the nation's growing population and lauding "the multiplication of men." Anxious for a grandchild, Burr informed his son-in-law: "One idea contained in [Jefferson's] message is much applauded by our ladies. They unite in the opinion that the 'energies of the men ought to be principally employed in the multiplication of the human race,' and in this they promise an ardent and active cooperation. Thus, then, is established the point of universal coincidence in political opinion, and thus is verified the prophetic dictum, 'we are all republicans, we are all federalists.' I hope the fair of your state will equally testify their applause of this sentiment; and I enjoin it on you to manifest your patriotism and your attachment to the administration by 'exerting your energies' in the manner indicated."

Daniels, in fine, fulfills his promise to restore Burr's pivotal role in a historic political triangle. For this alone his book justifies a careful reading.

Wilson Sullivan, author of the recently published "Franklin Delano Roosevelt," is at work on a conceptual study of Thomas Jefferson.



Dalton Trumbo—his public conduct shows the minimal decencies.

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE: Letters of Dalton Trumbo, 1942-1962

edited by Helen Manfull

Evans/Lippincott, 576 pp., $12.50

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

by Dalton Trumbo

Lyle Stuart, 309 pp., $5.95 (Reissue)

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ In 1947 Dalton Trumbo appeared before a Congressional committee that was inquiring into alleged subversion in the film industry. Mr. Trumbo had prepared a statement which he hoped to have read into the record, one that questioned the legitimacy of the committee's function and methods. He was not permitted to make his observations, however, but instead was directed to tell the committee whether or not he was a member of the Screen Writers' Guild. As it happened, Mr. Trumbo was one of the founders of that organization, and an officer of it, and so much was a matter of common knowledge. Perhaps his back was up by this time, for he refused to answer. He declared that the innocuous-seeming question was a preliminary to having him recite the names of other Guild members, so that they, too, might be exposed to public obloquy. He was undoubtedly right.

The committee then required him to say whether or not he had ever been a member of the Communist Party. Mr. Trumbo, who has a talent for taking charge, first demanded to know whether it was true that members of the press had been shown what was alleged to be a Communist Party card belonging to him. On being told that it was not true, he desired to know on what evidence the committee's question was based. It does not appear from the transcript of that day's testimony that Mr. Trumbo ever got around to refusing an answer, for he was excused amid judicial catcalls. Perhaps he was allowed to refuse on some other day; he was certainly sentenced to jail for contempt of Congress, and he served eight months in a federal penitentiary.

Up to this time, Mr. Trumbo had been a successful novelist and screenwriter; now he was one of the "Hollywood Ten." He was blacklisted by the film studios, both before and after he served his prison term, and he was reduced to writing his award-winning film scripts under various pseudonyms, and selling them at half-price to the film patriots who would have no truck with a name that was both Red and expensive.

The correspondence collected in *Additional Dialogue* is largely the record of the aftermath of his appearance before his Congressional inquisitors. For Mr. Trumbo, the question was how to survive—economically and morally—through the first decade of the Cold War, the McCarthy period, and the years of slow-motion while the silent generation was holding its tongue. The letters are evidence that he survived very well, despite official and amateur persecution that might well have broken a less jaunty spirit.

What is the literary quality of these letters? Well, like many writers, Mr. Trumbo is pretty full of himself, and that gives a good deal of bounce to his private correspondence. That is true when he talks about himself and his own concerns, nor does his courage fail him when he deals with world events; he is always fluent and energetic, and sometimes he is persuasive as well. He makes no claim to be an original thinker in politics or philosophy, but he does give vigorous expression to what one would have thought was the common American ethic, a sort of cranky and pugnacious independence, at its worst naïvely provincial, at its best—as before Congressional committees—manly in its refusal to blubber before our elected bullies.

One would have thought it common, that is, but the type seems very nearly extinct. Even Mr. Trumbo's radicalism, for instance, shows a certain charity and mannerliness, and a decent formality all the more striking in a choleric personality. His editor, Helen Manfull, quotes him as saying that he is "not a literary figure of any distinction." I think the dictum is as accurate as it is modest, and Mr. Trumbo is something else: an honest journeyman-writer whose public conduct shows the minimal decencies we demand of our friends. Not literary considerations, then, but the fact that here is a courageous and honorable man justifies publication of his correspondence. His qualities assume a special value from their rarity; if there were many more like him, we should certainly have heard.

Johnny Got His Gun, a novel that made a great stir in the Thirties and is now reissued as a sort of tract for the times, seems weak to me, despite its horrific subject. Johnny has been to war, and lost his limbs and sight and hearing; he knows only the agony of his severed nerve-endings and his recollections of the time before he was reduced to a vegetative existence. The invention is a bold one, and in itself almost equal to representing the hideousness of war. But the author's description of Johnny's state is mechani-

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cal, and allows the reader's imagination to sidle away from the horror—as it is eager to do.

In any case, the story consists mainly of Johnny's memories, which amount, technically speaking, to flashbacks. The device is borrowed from the cinema, and so are Johnny's values and attitudes. They are as American as apple pie, and about as resonant. No creature so limited and so spiritually underdeveloped as Johnny ever existed outside of the movies and popular fiction. He slanders humankind, or rather he is slandered, in a way that we have come to accept as perfectly natural from our habituation to the films and novels most commonly offered as popular entertainment.

Emile Capouya is an editor and freelance writer.

THE MINER'S PALE CHILDREN: A Book of Prose

by W. S. Merwin

Atheneum, 235 pp., $6.50

THE CARRIER OF LADDERS

by W. S. Merwin

Atheneum, 138 pp., paperback, $3.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ Things refuse to stay in their places. A category is a challenge. Poets write prose. Philosophy abandons metaphysics for mathematics. And fiction becomes more philosophical. Now W. S. Merwin, along with his latest book of poems, offers us a volume containing eighty-seven little bits of "prose." Bite-size, they look, like breakfast cereal—but these are not empty calories. Nor are they like peanuts, where the consumption of each makes the next more irresistible. For these bits of prose are magical; they only *look* more digestible than poetry. Once taken, they grow inside the reader: first filling him comfortably, contenting belly, heart, and brain, then expanding beyond comfort, forcing the eyes toward new perceptions, straining the ears toward unheard questions.

Merwin likes to offer us a simple situation or a plain literal statement, which he then expands into metaphor, stretches further into symbol, and further yet to the point where it is like allegory—but a strange sort of allegory that has forgotten it is supposed to hide some other meaning and is content with its own unearthly existence. Often we are faced at the end with simple situation and plain statement again, but transfigured, no longer *of* this world but clearly *for* this world.

It is hard, as you can see, to talk about this achievement in downright critical prose, but perhaps an illustration will help. "Unchopping a Tree" begins with the simple details of the laborious job at hand ("start with the leaves, the small twigs, and the nests"), and moves through an excruciating process of reconstruction until finally the thing is made. It is still dead, of course, and

> You cannot believe it will hold. How like something dreamed it is, standing there all by itself. How long will it stand there now? The first breeze that touches its dead leaves seems to flow into your mouth. You are afraid the motion of the clouds will be enough to push it over. What more can you do? What more can you do?
>
> But there is nothing more you can do.
>
> Others are waiting.
>
> Everything is going to have to be put back.

This is not just a lesson in ecology, though it can and no doubt should be read as such. It is a consideration of the nature of Being, a truly metaphysical fiction, which at the same time is resolute in its concreteness and defies reduction to a philosophical formula. The dust jacket quite rightly suggests that we think of the book's contents in relation to Kafka's "Parables" and the *Ficciónes* of Borges. Merwin can stand the comparison. But we should also see his work in relation to his contemporaries in this country, for it is part of a whole movement of prose fiction that is one of the most interesting and hopeful things on the current literary scene. *The Miner's Pale Children* belongs on the same shelf with Robert Coover's *Pricksongs and Descants*, John Barth's *Lost in the Funhouse*, Donald Barthelme's *City Life*, and William Gass's *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country*.

Merwin writes not fiction but metafiction. These bits of prose are not prose-poems, with all the *fin-de-siècle* preciosity that designation implies; they are visionary fictions, of astonishing range and power. Unlike James Dickey, who deliberately set his poetic talent aside to write a best-selling novel (and succeeded admirably, in my view), Merwin has worked *through* his poetry toward fiction. His prose is formidably spare and lean. It has been everywhere and done everything. Now it speaks austerely and with great authority. Often it adopts a voice of apparently childlike innocence and simplicity. But this voice conceals the other, which speaks through it. Here, perhaps, lies the significance of the title: not the weary, blackened miner himself is addressing us in these metafictions, but his children, who have inherited his weariness and the pallor that hides under his dark face.

The power of Merwin's prose must be experienced to be understood. Of its range one may speak more comfortably, categorizing and illustrating. Some of the pieces are fairy tales that resemble those of tradition. "The Fountain" (which readers of *The New Yorker* may remember) is one of these. "Phoebe" is another. In reading such a tale, one is forced to experience the narrative as something that is happening, like a dream that engulfs the dreamer and then casts him on some shoal of awakening, from which he may contemplate what has happened to him. These tales are almost pure narration, reaching toward myth, where their meanings lie hidden among our unconscious fears and desires. Others in the collection are closer to the essay in form and spirit. One such is "Memorials," in which the essayist's voice considers the way war memorials try to turn the "intentions" of the dead into legends:

> Something at last is chosen, which is felt to be, within the practical limita-

"The first thing I'm going to do when I become king is get rid of that tacky scepter."

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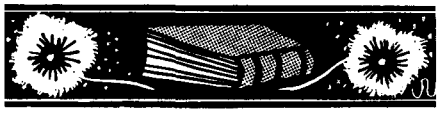
tions, suitably sad and suitably noble, to commemorate all these fictions.

And the result, for heaven knows how many years afterwards, graces the little square in all weathers, with the names on its base and the war in which they were called meaning less and less to more and more people. . . .

But throughout this apparent essay discussion always turns toward narration, the general toward the particular, the abstract toward the concrete. The



idea of memorials gives way to the image of the square, in which "familiarity and the symmetry of its surroundings before long set about making the object itself grow dim." Finally, the object grows dim so that its meaning may shine more brightly.

A few of these pieces approach topical satire ("The Billboard," for instance) and some lean toward science fiction ("The Remembering Machines of Tomorrow"); some (Marietta") are daydreams, others ("The First Time") are nightmares. Some contemplate the lives of objects ("Knives" and "Within the Wardrobes"), while others examine aspects of mind and thought ("Memory" and "Dawn Comes to Its Mountain in the Brain"). A number of the most ambitious and impressive seem to take an almost journalistic interest in "real" situations ("The Trembler" and "The Death-defying Tortonis"), only to move inexorably through the world of behavior into the realm of being that transcends it. In "The Death-defying Tortonis" the acrobatic speaker describes himself and the rest of the "family" as they balance in an elaborate tableau on the high wire. He complains; as a poet might, that "less and less people seem to believe in us, to say nothing of understanding our art." But the family's grandfather sees it differently:

> He says we are no longer of interest because in fact we are not defying anything real at all. According to him we know too much, and it is all a game. Even if we were killed we would be killed in a game. . . . He watches us seldom, and with scorn, and he says we should turn to something we know nothing about if we are going to talk about defying death.

Perhaps this is why a poet turns to prose. But whatever the reason, the effect is immense. Grandfather Tortoni would be pleased.

Yet Merwin remains a poet. He has given us his seventh volume of poems simultaneously with his first collection of prose. What, then, of *The Carrier of Ladders*? Is it too knowing, too easy—a game? I do not think so. For, so aware of what prose can do, Merwin is also aware of what verse must be to justify itself. Prose is a harmony of sentences, paragraphs, continuities; verse, a harmony of lines, spaces, leaps. It was John Dryden who called both prose and verse "harmonies" 300 years ago, and Merwin has much in common with Dryden. He has worked hard at translating works he admires into contemporary English. He has always approached his art by the craftsman's entrance. And he has been rewarded with a mastery of his medium that few poets attain. He can wring lines like these out of such a dessicated old thing as an "Envoy from D'Aubigné":

> I think of all I wrote in my time
> dew
> and I am standing in dry air

Is this translation? Imitation? Creation? Or simply poetry? The impulse behind the prose of "Unchopping a Tree," when turned to verse, produces a poem of just four lines:

> After many winters the moss
> finds the sawdust crushed bark chips
> and says old friend
> old friend

Having achieved such control, Merwin is still able to write in "The Piper":

> It has taken me till now
> to be able to say
> even this
> it has taken me this long
> to know what I cannot say
> where it begins
> like the names of the hungry
>
> Beginning
> I am here
> please
> be ready to teach me
> I am almost ready to learn

Still humble, still aspirant, Merwin works on at his craft. If there is a better poet writing in English today, I do not know his name.

Robert Scholes is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction. He teaches English at Brown University.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Cc (*Kubla Khan*), 2Fe (*Song for St. Cecilia's Day*), 3Hl, 4Jg (*Hunchback of Notre Dame*), 5Bb (*Toccata of Galuppi's*), 6Ld (*Study in Scarlet*, etc.), 7Aj (*Hasty Heart*), 8Ka (*Bible*), 9If (*Steppenwolf*), 10 Ei (*Eve of St. Agnes*), 11 Gh (*Point Counter Point*), 12Dk (*Fall of the House of Usher*).

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RANDOM HOUSE

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FOOTBALL STARS OF 1970
Sisterhood is Powerful
AN ANTHOLOGY OF WRITINGS FROM THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT
Edited by Robin Morgan
PRO FOOTBALL
JACK ZANGER
LAWRENCE SCHOONOVER
THE BURNISHED BLADE
Fully illustrated!
The marvelous story of the team that couldn't win, the pitcher who couldn't lose, and
The Perfect Game
Tom Seaver and the Mets
by Tom Seaver
THE OLYMPIAN
New American Review 10

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

A whole shelfful of paperbacks on pollution has appeared, and none too soon. One of the best, and most alarming, is William Wise's *Killer Smog* ($1.25) in Ballantine's far-reaching ecology series. Wise, a native New Yorker who generally writes whimsical children's books, has investigated the mystery of the famed London "fog" of 1952. By uncovering some of the hidden facts of that long-concealed tragedy, he dramatizes our own acute problems.

It turns out that in London more than 4,000 people died following a 100-hour period during which a thick, yellowish inversion snuggled into the city. Not a word about it was reported in the newspapers at the time. "Remember, the English have always had fogs. Didn't Dickens call them, rather charmingly, 'London particulars'?" said Wise in a Manhattan restaurant on a recent sultry day. "Peasoupers were a fact of British life. It wasn't until 1967, when I was well into the research, in the archives and visiting the homes of the survivors and families of victims, that I realized what had happened was smog, a combination of smoke and chemicals mixed into a killing brew." Officials were often uncooperative, resistant to an American churning up facts about an event long past. "It was amazing. Cattle had died and that was duly recorded, but no records were kept on the number of people admitted to hospitals for bronchial ailments. There was no attempt to find out about those who were treated at home because they couldn't venture outside." A few people in high places did know that something was going on. "At the National Gallery the filters used to purify the air in order to preserve the paintings couldn't be changed fast enough to prevent filth from collecting."

Other people will have reason never to forget those December days. "I talked with a football linesman. He had been out all day putting up markers. He knew something was wrong, the air smelled funny, but he kept working. Since then he's had chronic bronchitis, says he 'burned his lungs out.'" The result of that London smog was death for some, permanent impairment of health for many—and eventually a strong and rigidly enforced Clean Air Bill.

"Unfortunately, smog is only the spectacular top of the iceberg," Wise went on. "When we hear that Tokyo citizens are confined to their homes, that Los Angeles residents are smogged in, then we get worried. We put up with lesser pollution every day—quieter, less dramatic, but more insidious." Still, he is not without hope. "At least people are aware now of the dangers. That's a beginning. We have to want anti-pollution measures enough to pay for them with improvements in cars, utility plants, factories, and of course to vote for those candidates who put a premium upon these matters."

We left the restaurant, walking out into the hazy, golden air. "We haven't had our Killer Smog yet. I hope we won't have to before we wake up to the real peril," he said. "Smell the air. Stinks."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Readers who enjoyed the leisurely prose of R. F. Delderfield's surprise best-seller, *God Is an Englishman*, will surely want to try the earlier two-volume *The Avenue* (Ballantine, $1.25 each), a kind of suburban British *Main Street*. Delderfield may not be Galsworthy or C. P. Snow, but his books, low-keyed portraits of families over the changing years, also unfold a way of life. The two novels that comprise *The Avenue* are *The Dreaming Suburb, 1919-1940* and *The Avenue Goes to War, 1940-1947*, in which people recover from one war, make plans for peacetime, have children, grow old, and suffer through another conflict.

Cecelia Holland dips once again into history in *Until the Sun Falls* (Pocket Books, 95¢), exhibiting her peculiar knack for making the distant past as real as today. This time she has outdone herself in exoticism of background—the Mongolian Empire in the thirteenth century. Those ancient khans had the same old worries over war, division of property among battling sons, and pleasing a variety of women. One should also mention that this month Lawrence Schoonover has appeared, heavily, in paperback. We have an armful of his novels (Ballantine, 95¢ each), with such titles as *The Spider King* and *The Burnished Blade*. Judging the books by their covers, these are extravagantly swashbuckling. We must confess that we don't know them, but with this many in print somebody does.

There's nothing so rare as a good sports novel, and in *The Olympian* (Dell, 95¢) Brian Glanville has written one. This is no story of the aging quarterback who saves the game and gets the girl; it is a stern narrative about a demanding life-style that can turn the ordinary miler's muscles into the sinews that make Olympic Gold Medal winners.

Threesome (Berkley, $1.25) turned out to be an unexpected pleasure. Written by Jill Emerson, whoever she (or he) is, it is vaguely scatological, exceedingly clever in its conception, and artful in its execution. The characters, a married couple and the wife's best friend, decide to make money by writing a novel in the manner of those Long Island sharpies who each provided a chapter for a salacious best-seller. The three are witty, but even more amusing is what they find out about each other through the revelations of the written word.

For MacDonald fans, both Ross and John D., October brought a rich harvest. In Ross Macdonald's *The Drowning Pool* (Bantam, 75¢) private eye Lew Archer involves himself in one of those

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complicated plots—blackmail among the moderately rich—where all the family skeletons get rattled, and a few dentures as well. Another teeth-rattler, of course, is Travis McGee, hero of John D. MacDonald's latest technicolor title *The Long Lavender Look* (Gold Medal, 95¢). In this twelfth adventure McGee (he's the one on the houseboat in Florida) gets entangled in a Southern Peyton Place. It's up to the usual standard: full of violence, sex, and righteous indignation.

We're sorry to say goodbye to *New American Review* (Signet, $1.50), which with its tenth issue folds its wings and goes to that Valhalla reserved for "little magazines." Most notable piece in this farewell number is Philip Roth's first story since *Portnoy's Complaint*, a hilarious, wild, and eventually very weird tale, "On the Air," about a talent scout in the Forties who hits upon the idea of getting Albert Einstein to do an Answer Man-type broadcast. (Well, I said it was weird.)

Women's Lib

Everyone from Mae West to David Susskind has something to say about it. Paperback publishers, no slouches at responding to current interest, have provided what amounts to home-study kits on the subject. *Sisterhood Is Powerful* (Vintage, $2.45), edited by Robin Morgan, is good, thorough, and—what's even more uncommon—lively. Manifestos, articles, poems are all marshaled to educate the unknowing. There's a hefty and revealing excerpt from Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*, as well as some startling statistics. (Did you know, for instance, that of those people who last year earned more than $10,000, only 2 per cent were women? When I finish typing this, I'm going to ask for a raise.)

Another collection, *Women's Liberation: Blueprint for the Future* (Ace, 95¢), compiled by Sookie Stambler, offers its own sampling of articles about abortion, day-care centers, and the need for a new female image, but all with somewhat less dash and flavor than *Sisterhood*. Still another, *Up from the Pedestal* (Quadrangle, $2.95), edited by Aileen S. Kraditor, takes a long historical view, going back to the sparks ignited by such Colonial poets as Anne Bradstreet (" . . . I am obnoxious to each carping tongue/Who says, my hand a needle better fits") on to the fireworks of NOW (National Organization for Women), which declares that "women first and foremost are human beings who, like all other people in our society, must have the chance to develop their fullest potential." But that's only the mildest beginning.

Most hardcover reviewers found Mary Ellmann's *Thinking About Women* (Harvest, $2.65) a laugh riot. I didn't think it nearly so jolly, although it has its share of wit. Essentially it's a literary book, analyzing various writers and their writings for attitudes about women. The emphasis is on such stereotyped "female" traits as passivity, piety, and shrewishness (no thanks to Shakespeare for that one). In view of more recent forays into the subject, this one doesn't hit the target forcibly enough.

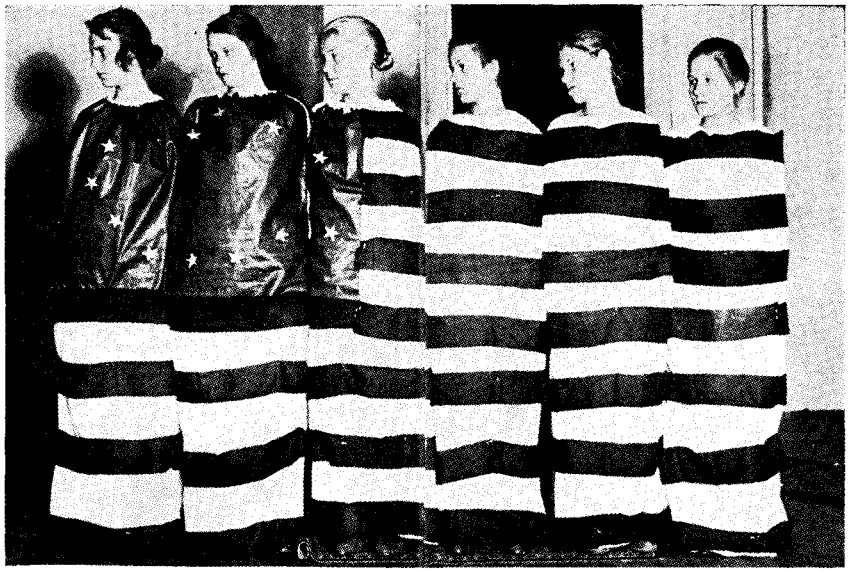
Most hard-head liberationists will scorn Margaret Albrecht's *A Complete Guide for the Working Mother* (Award, 95¢) because, after all is said and done, the author tends to view those very women she's writing about in a secondary light. Why, for instance, does she suggest that a working woman change into at-home clothes (colorful aprons, bright little robes) when she shifts gears for her after-six role? Unless, of course, she's a welder, her work outfits needn't necessarily frighten the children. Still, Mrs. Albrecht does offer some practical advice on juggling laundry, marketing, and a job.

Two noteworthy reissues are Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* (Bantam, $1.25) and Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* (Dell, $1.25). Mme. de Beauvoir is more French than Lib, and her views, engrossing as they are, remain rather a special case, less than pertinent to U.S.-style Liberation. That's Betty Freidan's bailiwick, and though it's always open field-day on her, her book, written in 1953, is still remarkably timely. She's a pioneer; read her book again. Right on.

The Sporting Life

Dick Schaap, former editor of *Newsweek* and the now-defunct *New York Herald-Tribune*, is, as many people know, a sports-book factory. His was the brilliant idea of supplying particular heroes with their own tape machines and letting them record in vocal diaries the intimate details of their experiences. Often it works. Looking back with Schaap on the baseball season just past, clay-footed pitcher Tom Seaver produced *Tom Seaver and the Mets* (Bantam, 95¢), which in a purehearted way is strictly Frank Merriwell: gum, not chewing tobacco, relieves his tension; his inspiration comes from his wife Nancy, and the harshest word he utters to the umpire is "Gosh."

Jerry Kramer's *Farewell to Football* (Bantam, 95¢) is a good deal more the thing. No punches pulled here, and the brutality of the sport is revealed down to the roughest detail. Quarterbacks are the pitchers of football. And the best paid. Joe Namath is a quarterback. He has written, with Dick Schaap, *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow* (Signet, $1.25), probably because then he'll quit, retire rich, and everyone—from linebackers to those gorgeous girls—will stop pestering him. Incidentally, though Joe is often painted as pro football's bad boy, it sure isn't true from his book.



Remembrance of Things Past: In *American Album* (Ballantine, $3.95), an oversized (8" x 10") paperback abridgment of the popular $17.50 hardcover edition, American Heritage editors Oliver Jensen, Jean Patterson Kerr, and Murray Belsky have selected a remarkable assortment of photographs—Indian fighters, Sioux survivors, Mississippi steamboats, tentative gliders, frontier children, sewing bees, patriotic tableaux. Together they recall the American past with humor, nostalgia, and affection.

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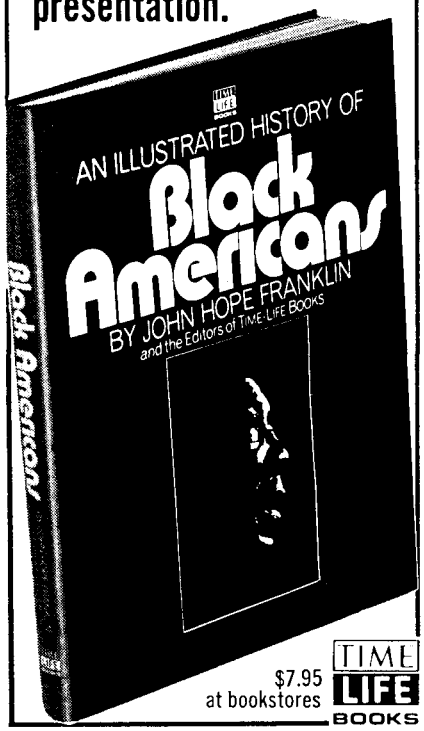

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RANDOM HOUSE

GARGOYLES

by Thomas Bernhard
translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston

Knopf, 208 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

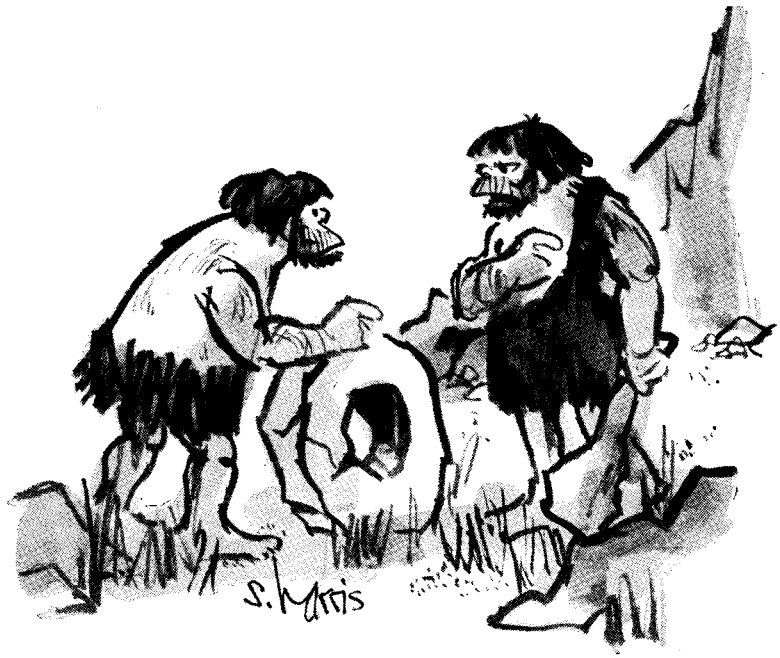
■ Thomas Bernhard is evidently a writer who prefers great risks, like a swimmer who chooses to enter the water with a quadruple flip from the highest board rather than feet first from poolside. His performance may not be flawless. It isn't in *Gargoyles*, his third work of fiction, his first to appear in English. Nevertheless, his daring is remarkable, and the chances he takes pay off: for him, two literary prizes in his native Austria during 1968; for the reader, interest, suggestiveness, depth, and the realization that here is a novelist with uncommon talents of the sort possessed by Kafka, Musil, and Beckett, with whose visions of isolation and despair he has been associated by German critics.

Early one morning a doctor sets out on his daily rounds with his son. Even before their journey begins through a forbidding mountainous countryside, the father has visited a dying schoolmaster and a child who has fallen into a tub full of boiling water. "Everyone I have to visit and touch and treat proves to be sick and sad," the doctor warns the boy. And, since their own family situation also rests on a fever's edge of tragedy, the father fears that his rounds may upset his son and foster harmful thoughts.

The doctor's forewarning should not be lost on Bernhard's readers, for the succession of grotesque portraits that follow seems almost to have been inspired by one of Kafka's aphorisms: "What is laid upon us is to accomplish the negative; the positive is already given." Doctor and son first examine an innkeeper's wife, brutalized by her husband and now fatally struck by a drunken miner during a tavern brawl. Then a bedridden widow grieving over her feeble-minded son. A diabetic industrialist living in incestuous isolation with his half-sister, writing a masterwork which he destroys as he creates. Three brothers, occupying a mill set in a deep gorge, who have just strangled a large collection of exotic birds. A crippled musical prodigy, totally insane, whose sister sometimes locks him in a cage. Finally, Prince Saurau, whose "deadly monologue" consumes more than half the novel and whose voice most closely approaches that of Bernhard—brilliant, erudite, incoherent, aphoristic, possessed by belief that his son will one day destroy everything he has built. Unrewarding cases all, the doctor concludes.

Bernhard's vision is of a world out of joint, sick, perhaps incurable. *Verstörung*, his original title, translates as something like "deranged" or "disordered," and these words more exactly fit his central thrust than a title implying a parade of capricious monsters. Speaking through the Prince, he pinpoints his purpose: "Illnesses lead man by the shortest path to himself." The idea is not original in modern fic-

(*Continued on page* 39)



"What did I invent? I'm Gregory Phillips Wallingford. I invented names."

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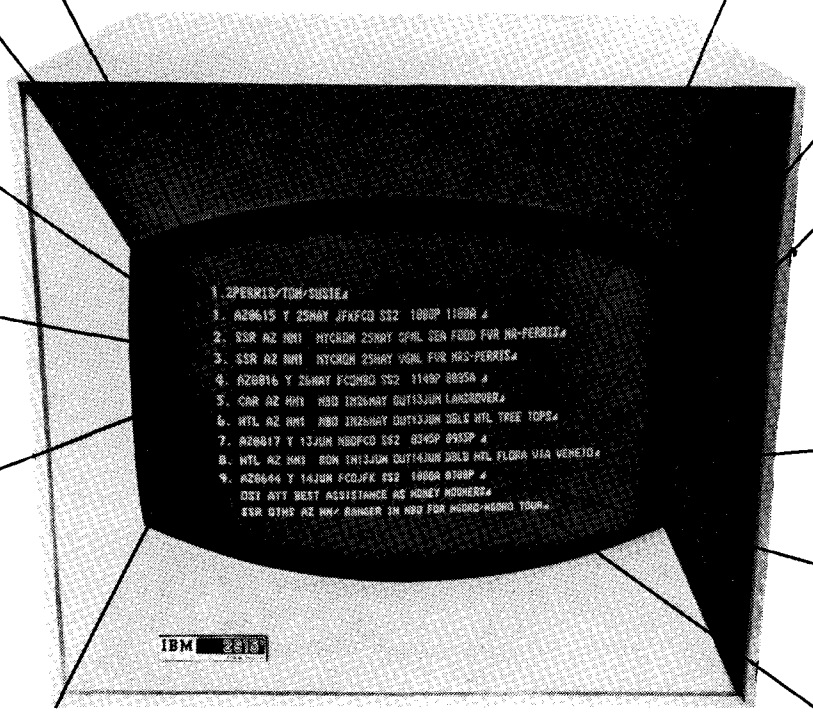

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Down to Fundamentals

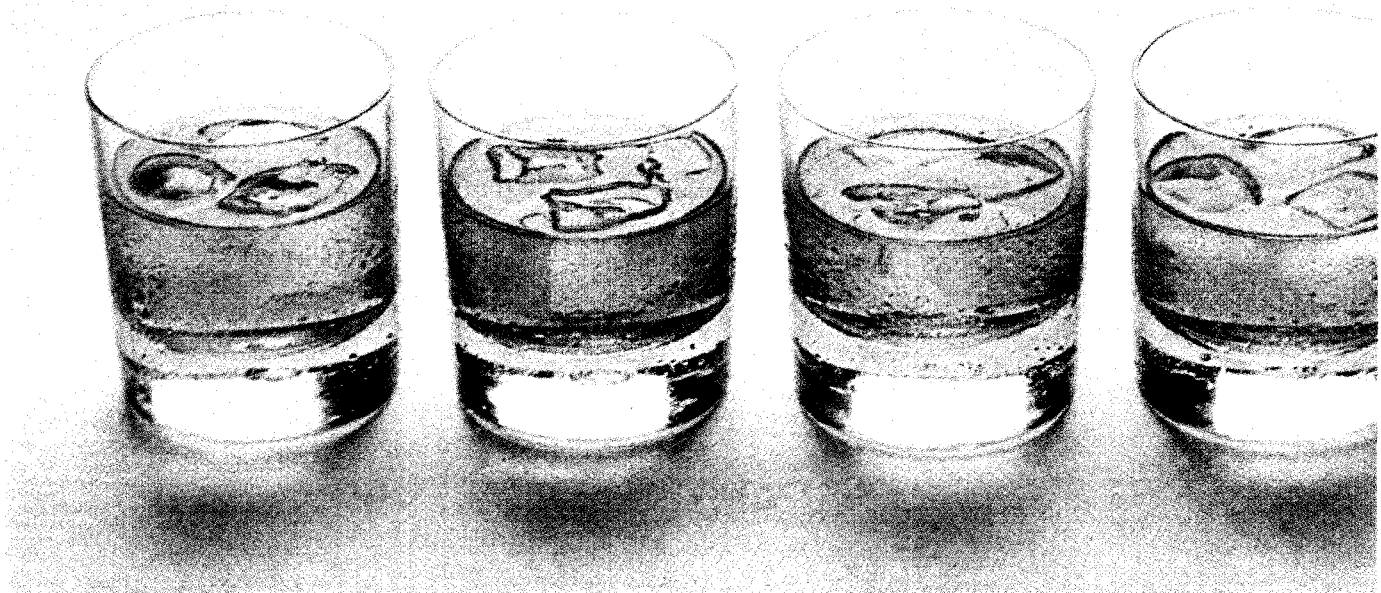
A SMALL IRONY in Washington, D.C., is that the Federal Communications Commission, much criticized and rarely praised by public interest groups, presently faces an important credibility test at a time when its truly progressive rules affecting equal employment opportunities for minorities in broadcasting become operative. If the commission, in a license renewal decision pending before it, revokes the franchise of radio station WMUU, owned by Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina, it will signal the broadcasting industry at large that it really intends to enforce its new rules prohibiting employment discrimination by stations. A renewal of the license of the Christian fundamentalist-owned station would, at best, suggest a wait-and-see attitude before judging the FCC's actions; at worst, an unqualified renewal would indicate that the agency is up to its old practice of paper-tiger rhetoric—a form of verbal behavior most reassuring to those secular and educational broadcasters, as well as religious ones, who are content to do as little as possible on the antidiscrimination front unless forcibly prodded.

Awaiting approval by the Bureau of the Budget is a new FCC form that will require all applicants for broadcast licenses (as well as for transfers and renewals) to set forth their affirmative action plans to recruit, train, and employ members of minority groups. The statistics developed will give the FCC a broad picture of such employment patterns throughout the nation and enable the commission to check, annually and at renewal times, whether the licensees are abiding by their plans; and, most important, the information that is provided by the stations, made public in their respective communities, will be open to scrutiny by local public interest groups, who can act on any inconsistencies.

The new "proposed section VI," as it is called, culminates a two-year period in which the FCC itself has progressed in its thinking on improving equal employment opportunities for minorities in broadcasting. At the initial urging of the United Church of Christ, the commission first issued a policy statement; it then proposed and adopted a rule; and finally, rather than wait for complaints that the rule was violated, it included the new form, based on the Federal Contract Compliance Form, in its applications. To its credit, the FCC thus became the first federal regulatory agency to issue rules prohibiting employment discrimination by one of those it regulates. Effective compliance, however, depends on policing of the rule. This aspect has always been a weakness in the FCC, understaffed and given, by the nature of its bureaucracy, to favoring the licensee in all but the most glaring and unavoidable instances involving the public interest.

The Bob Jones University license renewal is an illustrative case in point. In October 1969, with the university station's license coming up for renewal in December, Rosel Hyde, then FCC chairman, received a letter from Howard A. Glickstein, staff director-designate of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Copies also went to the other commissioners. The letter asked the FCC to look into the employment and admission practices of the university, against

Can you pick out your Scotch?



"Black & White." Scotch for peopl

All Scotches shown above were photographed under identical lighting with equal proportions of whisky and ice, using an 8x10 Plaubel camera with 16

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the background of a refusal by the academic institution to comply with federal civil rights acts—an action underscored by the fact that the university has an all-white admission and employment pattern. The FCC staff queried the station and received a letter explaining that it was cooperating with Carver College (predominantly black) in Decatur, Georgia, which has a class in radio production. Apparently, no graduates of the class had ever applied to WMUU in Greenville for employment; and only one Negro, part-time, was on the university station's twenty-one-man staff.

The letter attempted to justify the station's small number of black employees by a scarcity of applicants. The lack of interest, it speculated, might be due to the fact that

> the station's program [is] primarily classical and religious music with a rather complicated news format. Negro announcers and other personnel are not generally interested in this type of format. Their training and preference seem to run more to the rock and soul music type of format.

The FCC staff, whatever may have been its reactions to this revealing bit of stereotyping of Negro contributions to American culture, found WMUU's employment program sufficient and renewed the license.

In May 1970, Theodore M. Hesburgh, chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, wrote the FCC, asserting that in his opinion the station had failed to set forth any affirmative action plan to eliminate discrimination. Furthermore, he pointed out that since Negroes constitute almost one-third of Greenville's population, WMUU has an obligation to serve the needs and interests of the Negro community.

Father Hesburgh asked for an FCC investigation of these matters and for reconsideration of WMUU's license renewal. This time, the commission took notice of the superior clout and, acting "on further information," rescinded the license renewal. FCC field investigators went to Greenville; their report to the commissioners prompted the latter to honor WMUU with a request for "proposed section VI," even though the formal approval of the new form by the Bureau of the Budget had not yet come through. Thus the Christian fundamentalist station became the first in the nation to fill out the form—a distinction conferred upon it by virtue of its being a sort of scriptural goat rather than a sheep.

There the matter rests, as of this writing. Probably, when this appears in print, WMUU will have filed its new form, and the FCC will be faced with a decision: to renew or revoke. In the best of all possible worlds, it would do the latter.

Beset by its difficulties in Greenville, Bob Jones University faces a petition to deny by local citizens in the Atlanta-Decatur, Georgia, area, where the university owns and operates another radio station, WAVO. The charges in Georgia are similar to those in South Carolina—inadequate representation on the air for blacks, and no satisfactory action in recruiting, training, and employing Negroes.

Secular broadcasters, minus an open commitment to Christian virtues, may be understood, if not forgiven, if they fall short of brotherhood in the market place; but a station run by a religious organization is without defense. Of course, the university may come up with a satisfactory affirmative action plan. It would be something of a conversion, for it is difficult to see how the left hand of an all-white university can, with a clear conscience, shake the right hand of a truly sincere nondiscrimination policy in its owned and operated radio stations. Short of such a conversion, it would seem neither Christian nor secularly appropriate for the FCC to sanction such a handshake.

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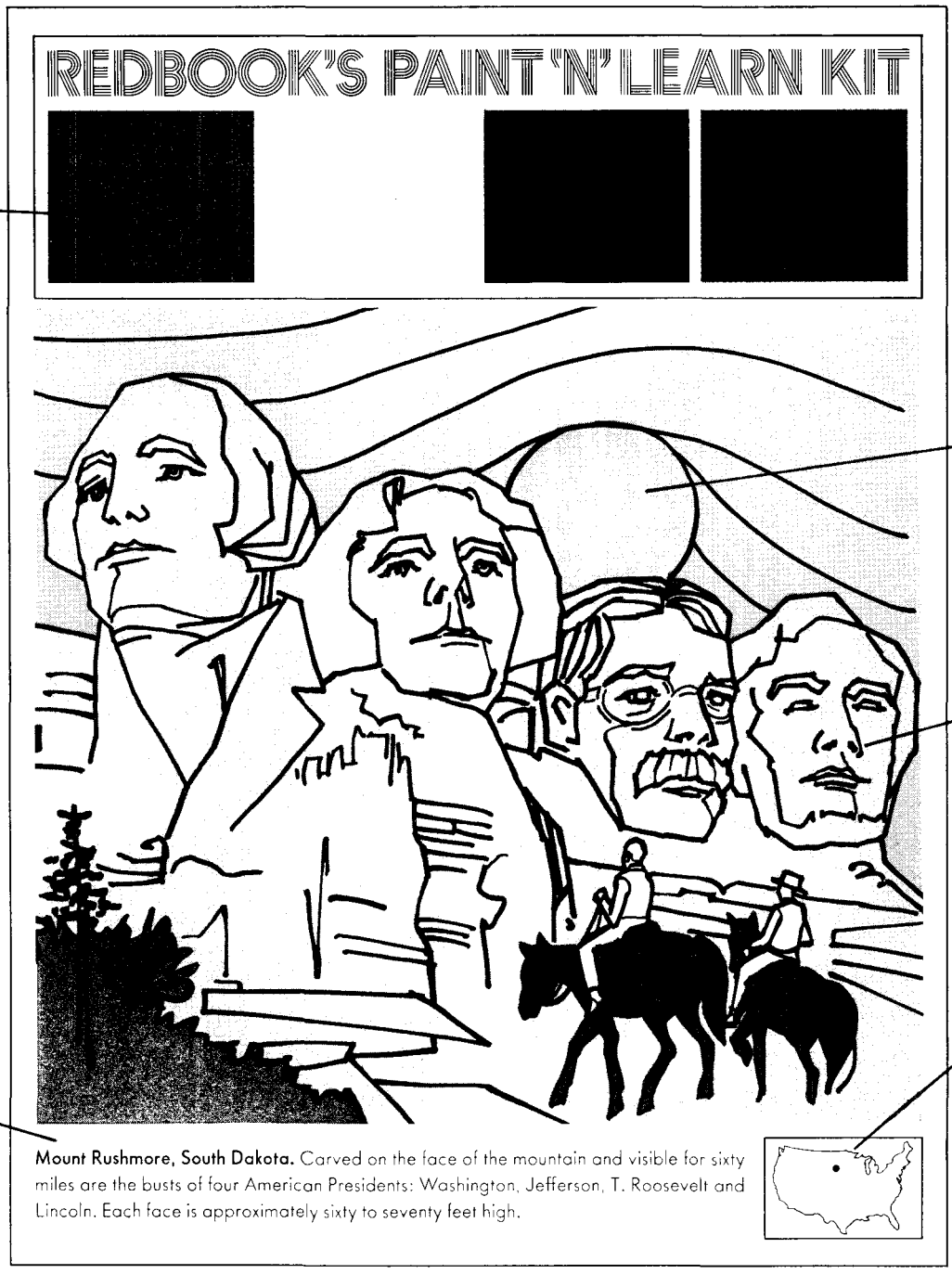
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Gargoyles

Continued from page 34

tion; in fact, it is familiarly crucial enough to deserve systematic critical study one day soon, infusing as it does Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* Sartre's *Nausea,* Camus's *The Plague,* Kafka's *The Country Doctor,* and scores of other works, in all of which man is seen afflicted with mental and physical tumors, as he is in *Gargoyles,* and of which the resultant effects are disgust, isolation, imminent doubt, brutality, obsessions, perversion, hopelessness.

What Bernhard shares with the best of these writers is the ability to extract more than utter gloom from his landscape of inconceivable devastation. While the external surface of life is unquestionably grim, he somehow suggests more—the mystic element in experience that calls for symbolic interpretation; the inner significance of states that are akin to surrealistic dream-worlds; man's yearning for health, compassion, sanity. What he lacks, at least in this novel, is the necessary distance from the confused world he portrays. Episodic, repetitious, disorganized, overly dense at times with forthright philosophic precepts, ultimately inconclusive (for even the tale of doctor and son is never resolved), *Gargoyles* seems itself an exercise in derangement, a kind of imitative form that inevitably argues against total success. Far greater this, however, than the safer, duller way.

Robert Maurer teaches in the Literature Department at Antioch College.

WIT TWISTER #188

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The pastor, on the _ _ _ _,
closed his prayer,
And sanctity and silence filled the air.
Those _ _ _ _ to Kate's digestion failed again,
And loud and clear, her stomach _ _ _ _, "Amen."

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 40*)

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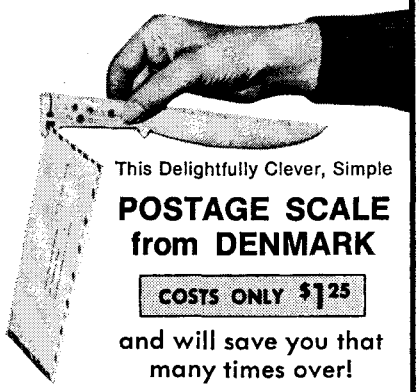

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Criminal Record

Fact

Women Who Murder. *By Gerald Sparrow. Abelard-Schuman.* $4.95. The author, a former lawyer and judge, considers women as murderers a breed apart from men. "Their crime," he writes, "does not bear the mark of Cain, it is stamped with that characteristic subtlety and horror that has distinguished the rare evil women of all times." His book indeed offers a gallery of evil women. My favorite is the genteel spinster of Brighton who failed in her attempt to poison the wife of the doctor she loved. To make up for her fiasco, she ordered chocolates from a local confectioner, injected them with strychnine, and then returned them to the shop, where they were put back on sale. A child died. The lady ended up in Broadmoor, where twice a year she received her very proper mother for tea. If the cases selected are often fascinating, so is the mind of the author, who in his preface argues for the restoration of the death penalty.

Spies of the Confederacy. *By John Bakeless. Lippincott.* $7.95. This heavily researched tome (456 pages) is not for the casual spy-thriller addict, who will be disappointed. It is for the serious student of history, who knows that no real-life spy can compete in the pulse-pounding James Bond league. Weighty but meaty.

Western Badmen. *By Dorothy M. Johnson. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Prepare to abandon your late-movie dreams of a Wild West populated by romantic criminals looking like Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda. Miss Johnson tells it like it was (forgive me) in twenty-two zippy chapters that recount the high spots and low deeds in the lives of notorious men and women who have somehow been turned by time into sentimental legends. Do you think of Jesse James as a swell guy who was unfairly shot in the back? Or of Belle Starr as a glamour girl? Read the book.

Fiction

Beyond This Point Are Monsters. *By Margaret Millar. Random House.* $4.95. Put this one down as the mystery of the month, and you can pick your own month. Devon Osborne has gone to court to have her husband, who disappeared from their ranch a year ago, declared legally dead. Alternating flashbacks with courtroom scenes, Mrs. Millar (Mr. M. writes under the pseudonym of Ross Macdonald) builds a novel rich in character and drenched in Southern California background, and tops it off with a knockout ending. Would-be writers of suspense should put this book on their required-reading list.

Maigret's Boyhood Friend. *By Georges Simenon. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* $4.95. Josée is dead. Deciding which of the five men in her life killed her should be duck soup for Chief Inspector Maigret. But objectivity is hard come by, since one of the five suspects —the one with the strongest case against him—was a school chum of Maigret's. As usual, while other writers flail away at huge lumps of story and end up with rhinestones, Georges Simenon works small and produces a diamond.

El Rancho Rio. *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House.* $4.95. Murder and a blizzard close in on a damsel in distress. The lady is the new wife of a ranch owner in the Southwest, where Mrs. Eberhart's cast of suspects becomes snowbound and her novel becomes conversation-bound. Ultimately, it is the reader who is in some distress as the endless talk piles up higher than the snow.

The Golden Years Caper. *By Robert Carson. Little, Brown.* $5.95. Life does get pretty dull in a retirement village, but what can you do? Well, how about murder and a jewel robbery for starters? That's how Mr. Carson's band of senior citizens peps things up in Golden Years, Incorporated, a housing complex for the elderly in California. Their adventures are well plotted and good fun, even if the underlying joke runs a bit thin before the end.

Haskel Frankel

Answer to Wit Twister, page 39: dais, aids, said.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Sills as Queen Bess; Ensembles at the Tully

THE CITY OPERA COMPANY and its director, Julius Rudel, took a long step toward a new kind of distinction with the first New York production in more than a century of Gaetano Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*. First at its old home in the City Center, now at the State Theater, the company has shown itself adept at ensemble Mozart, contemporary works both rough and ready, and a good cross section of the standard repertory. Now it has added the capacity to challenge a nonstandard work of the *bel canto* repertory and produce a result that adds measurably to the amount of good singing to be heard in New York at a time when there is more than a little of it.

The credit for such a possibility even existing belongs of course to Beverly Sills, whose ambitions in the conquest of the soprano literature appear to know no limits. It is, however, where she leaves off that the distinctions of this production begin. It does not end with the roulades, trills, cadenzas, and ***fioriture*** generally for which she is so well equipped, but extends to an excellent effort by Placido Domingo (who was splitting his week between tenor roles at the Metropolitan and the State Theater) plus equally valuable contributions from Louis Quilico and Beverly Wolff. Add a resourceful as well as atmospheric production of Ming Cho Lee and a stageful of appropriately elaborate Elizabethan costumes by José Varona to the sure-handed, always appropriate stage direction of Tito Capobianco and the outcome is an example of operatic enterprise creditable to any company, far or near.

To be sure, the whole house of picturesque cards depends on the extent to which the fragile balance is maintained by its leading character. This is not the Devereux of the title but the imperial Elizabeth who sent him to his death because she believed he betrayed her love. If that sounds more than a little like the saga of Elizabeth and Essex, so it is. The handsome adventurer was Robert Devereux before he became Essex, and it is merely a caprice of the librettist (Salvatore Cammarano) that the opera bears his name in its first form.

For Miss Sills, the credit is enormous for maintaining that fragile balance, not only with the kind of skillful vocal effort to be expected of her, but as much by a staunchly composed, resolutely sustained projection of a woman in love, a monarch rejected. History is, traditionally, held lightly by librettists under pressure to satisfy the exigencies of the nineteenth century Italian operatic stage, and *Devereux* is no exception. But there is enough of a regal presence to make Elizabeth a demanding characterization, and Miss Sills matches its requirements from the closely gathered red hair to the drawn features of pictorial lore.

Vocally, she has put on the line her celebrated capacity for florid execution and not been found wanting to the measure of Donizetti's requirements at their most difficult, taking in stride a dozen top Ds (native or imported) in the first two acts. She also pours out scales and skips, flourishes and embellishments with a well-bred disdain for error. What she cannot do with equal ability is to produce a suitable sound for the recitatives or for the moments of high drama. Rather than being suitably centered, vibrant, and impassioned, the tone comes out thin and rather colorless—a curious failing for one who recalls proudly that she was *"nascea del tremendo ottavo Enrico"* ("born of the formidable Henry VIII"). To be sure, this counted for little with those whose applause volleyed and thundered through the theater at every opportunity. But it remains an essential part of the role's challenge, and one that in the past doubtless has deterred others of equal ambition. Given the opportunity to prepare for it, Miss Sills utilized her fine technique to make a remarkably creditable sound in the low register. But the medium—ah, that terribly treacherous medium! It just doesn't have the weight for drama on the order of Donizetti's requirements in this role.

It is worth a moment's mention that this opera, the fifty-seventh in a total of seventy between his first, at the age of nineteen in 1816, and his last, when he was forty-seven, in 1844, is a text book treatise on its subject. That is, the art of treating, in sequence, the fury of a monarch spurned, the wrath of a husband deceived, the anguish of a spouse falsely accused, and the dilemma of deceiver involved with all of them. In the opera they bear the regal names of Elizabeth, the Duke of Nottingham, his wife Sara and the faithless Devereux, but they are counters in the game of mounting passion Doni-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

"What Is Happening to Our Art Colony?"

NOSTALGIA PROLIFERATED as an overflow crowd of sun-tanned artists, would-be artists, peripheral characters, and interested laymen met last August at the Provincetown (Massachusetts) Art Association to discuss "What Is Happening to Our Art Colony?" What is happening is what commonly happens to rustic art colonies—dissolution and disillusionment once the general public catches up and begins to enjoy and destroy en masse those pleasures originally discovered by the artists. All of which is a bit ironic since the painters, writers, and sculptors themselves are partly responsible for the very predicament they now deplore, having scarcely kept their much-prized Eden a secret. Every painting of or story about Provincetown hastened its swan song as an artists' sanctuary, though even today an impressive array of eminent personalities is still working there. Whether they will stay much longer is a question—what with tourist hordes, exorbitant prices, a deluge of cars, motels, cheap "shoppes," and air so drenched with exhaust fumes as to obliterate the glistening seashore.

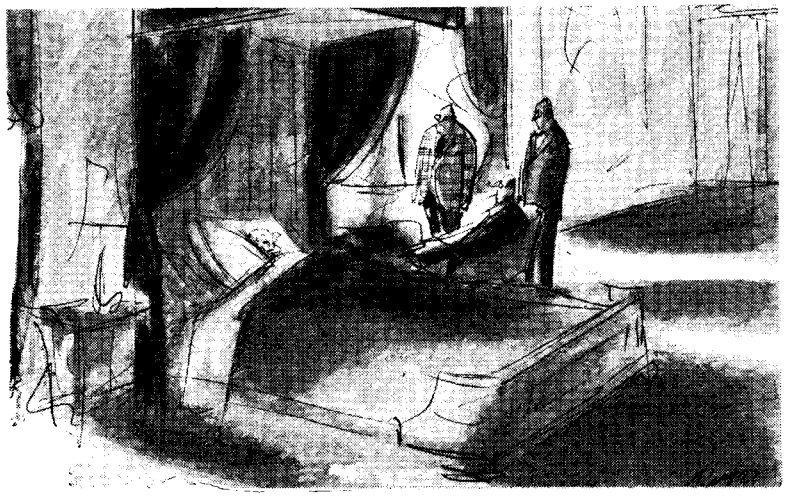
The meeting was attended chiefly by troubled middle-aged and older participants, most of them long-standing summer visitors. They talked wistfully as if it were possible to turn back the clock merely by organizing a forceful lobby to deal with Provincetown's Selectmen. Just how the audience imagined such action would rid this once idyllic fishing town of its now honky-tonk image was never clarified, nor was there any explanation as to why the participants felt that moral indignation alone could sway a city government not averse to lucrative tourist dollars. Indeed, one painter insisted that "the Selectmen don't give a damn about art." If, after all the years of living together (well over a half century), the city fathers are still indifferent to their most distinguished residents, the future holds little hope. There is, of course, talk of a master plan with all automobiles banned from the town's center and transportation provided by public buses or by one's own feet, a project that might give the narrow streets a chance to breathe again.

What puzzled me was the unrealistic and yet innocently materialistic tone of the meeting. Time was spent worrying about how to lure well-to-do collectors and high-powered dealers back to Provincetown. One speaker recalled that only a short decade ago twenty-three galleries were flourishing, while now but "a trickle" remains, the rest having been replaced by gaudy souvenir stores. Indignation simmered at the mention of spurious portrait painters masquerading as artists on every corner, while grinding out grinning likenesses for a few dollars. The real artists commiserated with each other because heavy traffic and unwieldy crowds made the old, easy communion between them impossible. To get from one spot to another in Provincetown during the summer can be a nightmare, and then to find parking space is equally traumatic. Earlier, when the colony was small, cross-fertilization of ideas among writers, sculptors, painters, actors, and other productive people was the natural concomitant of an easy sociability, but now cocktail parties are often more laced with hangers-on than with ideological exchanges.

The meeting particularly focused on the lamentable lack of committed young artists in Provincetown. Due to steeply escalating summer rents, only prosperous, established practitioners can afford a colony that nonetheless needs the dedicated defiance that youth provides. I was reminded of a recent conversation with the Manhattan painter Sideo Fromboluti, who described his first visit to Provincetown thirty years ago when he was nineteen. Along with eight other young artists, he spent the summer of 1940 there in a house the group rented for $100 from a Portuguese fisherman who, in addition, often supplied his tenants with free fish. Provincetown was quiet then, its white picket fences and rosebushes undisturbed. Fromboluti remembered Bradford Street (one of the town's two main arteries, now choked with traffic) as an empty expanse where Hans Hofmann had set up his easel and was blithely painting an abstract sunset on a huge canvas. It was all very romantic, peaceful, inexpensive, and an ideal mecca for young artists who wanted a simple life and an abundance of unspoiled nature. The sea, the dunes, the wonderful quality of light bouncing back and forth from land and water made the tip of this narrow Cape Cod peninsula irresistible, at least to painters. It became the most famous artist colony in America.

During fall, spring, and winter, Provincetown is still inviting, its angular frame buildings washed by a luminosity at once sharp and mellow. A new organization, the Fine Arts Work Center, is intelligently exploiting these off-season months when rents are low and thoughtful resident painters, sculptors, and writers come out of hiding. The group, composed of outstanding names in the fine arts and literature, has embarked on a fellowship program that brings gifted younger artists and writers to Provincetown during the winter and, at the same time, offers them the highest-quality guidance and criticism. More important, however, is the rediscovery of a beautiful town as a sympathetic milieu for the contemplative life. I have always felt art colonies prosper best when they coalesce spontaneously without premeditation, for usually it is the location itself that determines the spirit of the group. When the environment decays, so also does this spirit. Yet at times it may be possible to *preserve* a colony by rethinking its values.

The painter Mervyn Jules, who mod-



"Run the escalators at half speed if you like; fly the flags at half-staff; have a Founder's-Demise-Day sale; but for God's sake don't close the stores in my memory."

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crated the meeting, recalled how he had come to Provincetown in 1940, "attracted by the sun, light, and the quality of the air. The sun, light, and the quality of the air are still here," he said, "but the quality of life has eroded." Another painter, Victor Candell, was especially upset because the "collective culture" of the colony was being diluted. Most of the speakers referred to those "good old days" when Charles Hawthorne and Hans Hofmann presided over thriving schools that encouraged an influx of new blood each summer. The entire evening focused on the collective life rather than on the lonely business of being an artist. It was always the group, never the individual, that was emphasized—a phenomenon peculiar to most art colonies, though one should never underestimate the value of authentic group interaction. There are, to be sure, those who operate best when stimulated by the give-and-take of a gregarious community; yet, in the long run, artist colonies usually deteriorate precisely because most creative work demands the utmost privacy.

The audience, seemingly in search of its lost youth, harped on the need to bring young artists to Provincetown. Here the generation gap appeared to be working in reverse, for the old were pleading with their long-haired antagonists to return, to give new life, to upset the humdrum tenor of Art Association group shows, one of which, only recently installed and looking exactly like its predecessors of the past ten years, was certainly in need of a drastic infusion.

The saddest symbol of Provincetown's demise as a summer art colony was the announcement that the Chrysler Museum will move its collections elsewhere. And these collections are not to be underestimated. One small separate building has housed an interesting survey of glass, culminating in an accumulation of Tiffany's art nouveau inventions. The larger building, once a New England church, featured temporary exhibitions and a permanent group of sophisticated paintings, sculpture, and precious objects that greatly enhanced Provincetown. To lose this, the only professional art museum on Cape Cod and a fine one to boot, is a tragedy.

It would seem that the Selectmen who "don't give a damn about art" might well husband their resources and, now that Provincetown has lost the museum, try at least to establish the community as an off-season refuge for writers, painters, and sculptors. Before it is too late, practical recognition by them of the Fine Arts Work Center could eventually pay off better than another voracious complex of motels.

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Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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West Africa II—
The Show at the Palace

THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE in Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast, the richest of the nations to spring into independence from that land mass once known as French West Africa, makes the White House look as imposing as the county courthouse in Backwater, Montana. Or so an American friend said to me in hushed, awed, and almost envious tones as we arrived at the palace gates recently for an official reception to celebrate the commencement of an immense urban-tourist project known as the African Riviera [*SR*, Oct. 24].

The long, carpeted entryway and the grand staircase leading down to the main level of salons and reception rooms were lined with presidential guards, black and tall, crowned with gold and silver helmets, and encased in red tunics wrapped at the waist with a green sash. Over their shoulders they wore white capes to match white jodhpurs set off with black knee-high boots. Their swords snapped to attention as each guest came through the portals and set foot on carpet. One's fancy could only wonder what changes would be in store for the White House Guard should President Nixon ever choose to return the state visit that President Félix Houphouët-Boigny and his elegant wife made to Washington in August 1967.

At the bottom of the stairway stood the President, small, quiet, and, I thought, reserved. More than any man, Houphouët-Boigny and the current political history of the Ivory Coast are inseparably fused. To paraphrase the expression long popular among French leaders, it could be fairly said of him, *L'état, c'est lui.* It was he, the African, who had spent thirteen years in the French National Assembly, he who had become the Ivory Coast's first Prime Minister, and later its first President.

A foot behind him, but ever at his elbow this night at the palace, stood—to those of us who had been covering the opening of the African Riviera—the familiar figure of Georges Ouegnin leaning forward to whisper in the President's ear, reminding him of names and identifying guests from the tank of a prodigious memory. As it came my turn to shake the presidential hand, Ouegnin leaned, and in the President's ear said, "*Journaliste américain.*"

Ouegnin had made his first appearance—and it was almost as spectacular as that of his *patron*—when the presidential party had arrived the previous evening for a banquet in the new thirty-story wing of the Hotel Ivoire, a 500-room complex of hotels, pools, bar, restaurants, cinema, casino, and ice rink. His light-brown head sheared of any hirsute wisp, his dinner jacket fitted elegantly to his spare frame, Ouegnin strode twenty paces in front of the President. He looked for all the world like a bronzed character out of Ian Fleming, and we were so sure he was armed in some exotic African way that we dubbed him Oddjob. He added an especial color to the proceedings, striding into the Ivoire's banquet hall for a formal dinner tendered by Moshe Mayer, the diminutive, dynamic Israeli who had built the Ivoire, and shouting a command that sent the entire assemblage of 2,000 springing to its feet for the presidential entry.

To my surprise and utter fascination, at yet another function the next day, Ouegnin turned up alongside me at the luncheon table. He was, he said, the son of a Greek Cypriot mother and an Ivorian father, a member of Parliament. Bright, lively, and droll, Ouegnin proved to be no bodyguard but, according to his engraved card, chief of protocol. He was also a fountainhead of presidential thought and opinion. On possible plots against him, the President feels secure: "If there are three of them in it, he says he can count on one to come and tell him about it." On the Soviet presence in West Africa: "We had the Russians here, but they started working among the civil servants and then at the university. We recalled our Ambassador from Moscow and asked the Soviet Ambassador to leave." On neighboring, left-lining Guinea: "Touré has been making overtures. Our football teams were scheduled to play. Ours went there, but the return visit was canceled because of cholera. The cholera came to Guinea with all those Russian advisers. The Soviet Union has opened a dialogue for socialism and microbes at the same time." Of the 200,000 Guineans resident in the Ivory Coast: "Give them an inoculation of capitalism first, then they will be immune to communism." Of the dialogue between East and West: "We *know* what the capitalist states have done. Let's see what the socialist states can do."

There is surely no more capitalistic centerpiece than Houphouët-Boigny's palace, which was built for him by the French as a $17-million departing gesture. It reminds me in a way of the post office the French built in Tahiti, for both are outsized, contemporary masses of concrete and glass. Like the mail-drop there in the middle of the Pacific, it hasn't much to do with the surrounding terrain or the indigenous personality. On the other hand, in size, and even in style, for that matter, it rather brings to mind the Leonardo da Vinci Airport at Fiumicino or the Stazione Termini, the railroad station in downtown Rome.

The esplanade as I stepped out onto it the other night, seemed to stretch clear to the Ghanaian border. The band, in resplendent uniform, massed at one end of the marble deck, was playing the theme song from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, and the guests nibbled on salmon and caviar and quaffed Scotch and canned fruit juice. The gardens were remindful of that huge expanse at the Rashtrapati Bhavan in Delhi, but one is told that an air of Versailles was the intent.

By now, the President was mingling with his guests and there was a barrage of pictures taken of him with each of the prominent businessmen who had come to Africa for the commencement of the African Riviera, but who perhaps would stay to invest their capital. From a tree embellished with clusters of orchids, Ouegnin plucked corsages and handed them to Houphouët-Boigny, who, in turn, bestowed presidential blossoms on the ladies.

The crowd wearied at last and filtered indoors to inspect the great marble halls and the private dining salons with their fanciful lighting fixtures and high-backed chairs. In a corner, Sir Isaac Wolfson, down from London, was turning over a palace carpet with his foot to see where the rug had been made. "The palace is too ostentatious," he said to me, "but this nation is rich with coffee—everyone uses it, you know—and with wood and cocoa. The flow of trade between Britain and the Ivory Coast is very much in favor of the Ivory Coast. I told them," he said, moving very close to my chin and speaking very earnestly, "I will give them ten million pounds against their coffee receipts for the next ten years."

Rich in some ways, the Ivory Coast is immensely poor in others. A peasant from the savannah or a tribesman from Niakaramandougou, up-country, dropped into the marble palace, might think himself in Oz. Abidjan itself jolts one who visits the native market at Treichville on one day and the supermarket the next. The menu at the Hotel du Parc, in the middle of Abidjan, lists *caviar d'Iran, foie gras truffé*, and a tableside barbecue of Charolais

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beef. The bread may not be exactly like Paris, but anthurium lilies brighten the table and the management could even offer a *marc de bourgogne* for the expatriate Frenchman with specialized tastes. As a French businessman with ten years in Africa said to me at lunch, "Former administrators are now ambassadors, so nothing has changed.

Coming outside, one might be approached, as I was, by a man eager to sell the two-week-old crocodile he held in his hand. Nine dollars, or its equivalent in CFA (for Communauté Financière Africaine) francs. Perhaps it would bring me special favor, for wasn't the crocodile sacred? Doesn't the President keep them at his country estate at Yamoussokro?

Across the street from the seller of crocodiles stood the tall Nour El Hayat, the office building put up by the Karim Aga Khan and managed by the Ismailian sect. It contains such diverse tenants as a steak house, a drugstore, a *brasserie*, and a nightclub. A handsome shop called La Rose d'Ivoire, which is to say, the Ivory Rose, is draped with African fabrics and crammed, albeit in tasteful fashion, with African-styled chess sets, carved figures, masks from the north, and the V-shaped rings that have become an African specialty from Mombasa to Dakar.

The supermarket, on a level below, serves a totally different world, for there on the shelves are packaged fondue, whole wheels of Swiss cheese, countless racks of water bottled in the spas of France, and the best wines of Burgundy, Bordeaux, Alsace, and the Loire. European butchers are at the chopping blocks trimming cuts of beef and lamb from Niger and Mali, and some from the motherland. For the Oriental community there is the pungent *Nuoc Mam* so prized by the Vietnamese, and the "Kwai" brand yellow flowers and black mushrooms, which will find their way into some stir-fry dish simmering in a displaced wok here in tropical Africa.

If Abidjan seems at times so orderly and clean like some newly risen Miami, one need only to take the tiny Renault taxi journey to the nearby native market at Treichville, a riotous display of color and squalor—old Africa seething and alive at the edge of the new. Here the meatballs lie in the open pan amusing the flies until they can be claimed by a customer. The gourds that will make vessels are alongside the foam pillows, and the Moslem from the north swishing along in the *boubou* sells plastic bags to the tall Mauretanian who wears the turban and has the look of Arabia etched in his face.

The Senegalese gold merchants carry their wares in little black cases and

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Isaac Stern—"young hot-shot violinist"; Eugene Istomin—"Philharmonic soloist at seventeen"; Leonard Rose—"principal cellist of the orchestra . . ."

THREE MEN ON A HOBBY

by IRVING KOLODIN

So little is done these days for the best of artistic reasons—the mere desire to do it—that an uncommon instance of it in 1961 was sufficient to lure me into a trip to Israel to be a participant. That was the birth, in August of that year, of the Eugene Istomin-Isaac Stern-Leonard Rose Trio. In a comment that appeared in *SR* of September 23, 1961, there were these words: "Being, as one may say, of an age and a mind, there is every reason to suppose that these players will have a long and happy association, with pleasure and profit for their audiences as well as themselves."

Now that the three good men are about to mark the end of their tenth successive season of activity with an unprecedented series of Beethoven recitals beginning in New York's Carnegie Hall on November 11, some preening on behalf of a prophecy fulfilled might be in order. But facts are facts. Much of that prophecy derived from a conversation with Stern shortly after the first program (devoted to the E-flat Trio of Beethoven, Opus 70, No. 2; the Mendelssohn D-minor; and the Ravel A-minor) in which he vowed this was no sometime thing, but a well-considered, carefully calculated venture to which all three had made a serious, long-term commitment.

What, then, of the major investment in time and thought that the performers have made in this Beethoven bicentenary year, an investment that began in South America in July, extended to Europe in September and October, will occupy them in America during November and December, and may carry them on to the Orient in 1971? To judge from material gathered by conversations in New York, taped cassettes from Buenos Aires (for which thanks are owing to John Trapp, Istomin's close friend and informal historian for the group), telephone and mail communications elsewhere, it is not merely the climax of their association as a group but, in many ways, the fulfillment of a career objective for each.

First, says Leonard Rose, who has risen to a position of prominence matched by few American-born cellists, "I have always wanted the opportunity to participate in a cycle of this sort. It is, of course, thrilling to perform all the trios. I've always wanted to perform the five cello sonatas and the three sets of variations on one particular occasion, and now the occasion is at hand. One of my first engagements was as a cellist in a trio when I was seventeen years old, and we played much of this material. In general, I know the chamber music literature extremely well. But to perform this type of cycle . . . well, I would say that it is the fulfillment of a lifetime ambition."

Clearly, there is something in being in the company of Stern and Istomin that contributes to that fulfillment. "Yes," says Rose, "we three are fortunate in being pretty much of the same generation of American-trained artists, who are very fortunate in feeling music quite similarly. Certainly we have discussions, sometimes heated, during rehearsal periods when we discuss, say, a tempo or the feeling of a phrase. But what we are arguing about are such small differences. . . . I mean we rarely have a startlingly different idea of what a given tempo should be. . . . I dare say that some of our first read-through performances are a lot better than most people achieve when they finally

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get up to play. After all, it's not only that we have been together for ten years, off and on. . . . For example, Stern and I recorded for the first time the Double Concerto of Brahms with Bruno Walter around 1954, 1955. And I had played chamber music with Isaac when he was just a young, hot-shot violinist from California in the mid-Forties. I can recall Istomin coming to the New York Philharmonic when I was principal cellist of the orchestra and he was seventeen years old, about 1943, and playing one of the most absolutely moving and great performances of the Brahms B-flat I remember. And, of course, since that time, over the years, Eugene Istomin and I have had the opportunity to play joint recitals together, besides playing, of course, very much for fun. I think the whole history of our Trio has been one where we have decided in the past ten years to let the public in on some of the fun that we have had privately over really a thirty-year period. . . ."

For Istomin, the experience must be unique in the history of the performing art. He is the one who performs in every one of the thirty-odd works they have grouped together under the designation "The Piano Chamber Music of Beethoven"—all the sonatas for violin, the sonatas and variations for cello, the horn sonata, and the quintet with woodwinds, as well as, of course, the trios. Quite candidly he says, "It's simply too tempting if you're a pianist not to think in pianistic terms . . . I have the feeling that the other instruments are his friends, his relatives, his beloveds, but the piano is Beethoven himself. I have observed, too, that when a performance fails, it is invariably through a failure in the piano part. I, or any other artist who has that responsibility in the piano part, simply by the trunk or frame of the works that he has in his hands, can place a solid base for a performance, so that even if the other instrument or instruments are not quite in top form, a strong performance on the part of the pianist can save it. But, if the pianist fails, no matter how beautifully the violinist or the cellist might play, I think that the performance will not hold up."

How about balance? What are the rules of the road, where virtuoso meets virtuoso? "What counts here is the attention one pays to the musical material at hand and to the development of lines and phrases. I have no compunction in overwhelming, sometimes overbalancing, a partner in a given situation if I feel that a climax, a crescendo, would be aborted by my lessening drive and propulsion. At the same time, when I am musically compelled to submerge myself, I of course will. This presents a technical problem in the control of sonorities. The object in all music-making is to make the composer's, or one's idea of the composer's, ideas clear—that is the whole thing, whether in solo or chamber music. When I am required by musical necessities to come down, I will. And when I am required to go up, at whatever cost, I will. That's my idea of balance."

Although the ideal of this ensemble is not to defer to one or another but to function as equals, there are, clearly, considerations that make some more equal than another. In a purely nominal sense, Stern is *primus inter pares*, the one, in the external if not the internal view, whose deviation from a solo career of the first magnitude involves the greatest sacrifice of time from normal pursuits. Characteristically, the one who demurs from this point of view is Stern himself. "It has been suggested that my deepening involvement in chamber music, particularly in this year, and in the programs I have been building during the past few years with my pianist, Alexander Zakin, has gone further and further away from the old-fashioned, purely violin repertory, that the little pieces of derring-do and the more vertiginous, physically showy orchestra repertoire are not as much of my preoccupation as they once were. And the question was: Does this mean that I, as one of the leading fiddle players today, have turned my back on that part of the violin repertory? Well, of course I haven't. It just means that for the moment and in this time of my life I discover more and more the problems and the search in the greater works of music, in the chamber music repertory, be it with the Trio, or in my solo work, that demand more of me as a totality than just working the physical part of, say, a Wieniawski concerto or the Lalo *Symphonie espagnole*. And then, too, I happen to be enormously proud of some of the young people who are today the bursting, reveling, wonderfully equipped, highly energized, striking young performers on the world scene of the violin—people like, for example, Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman, in whose development I have been intertwined in one way or another. They can do this violinistic literature so well and so beautifully . . . with a freshness that it would be difficult for me to match at times. . . .

"But most of all," he continued, "I think right now there is another meaning, at least for me, in this year's dedication to the Beethoven chamber music cycle. The whole field of serious music is under attack—the concert field, the audience, the instability of the orchestras, the difference in the sales figures of pop records and classical records. And to many, and I must say that in some ways I include myself among them—only in some ways, mind you, not completely—this could be the beginning of the end of a whole period of Western civilized thought, that a new time, new thoughts are coming along. And then I remind myself of history, of the two hundred years that have passed since this man was born, and then one asks what horrors and tragedies have been done—the times in the past that looked even blacker than these do to us right now—and still this thread of music has gone on and remained, its power undiminished, its beauty more and more apparent to those who search for it, its value more and more important.

"Perhaps in a way this is a tiny crusade of ours, to do the best we possibly

—*Boris Goldenberg*

Itzhak Perlman (left), Pinchas Zukerman—"enormously proud of people . . . in whose development I have been intertwined. . . ."

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can to present this music in the best way we possibly can, as close to the highest performance level that can be attained, so that those who come after us can keep that as a landmark and continue the belief and the faith. How else can you equate whether you've made this *piano* or this *sforzando*, or this passage didn't come out or that idea didn't get across, in relation to the deaths of thousands of people here or the destruction of a country there? You cannot compare these problems with the small limits of your own worries and the execution from one note to the other. And yet, if we're going to do this music, it is just that care and attention that it needs. Music in essence is what happens in between the printed notes, not on the notes themselves. How, in that milli-milli-millisecond of time in going from one note to another note, do you do what you do? Instinctively, thoughtfully, with head, heart, taste, and talent. This, then, is our search and the trust we've accepted and the basic reasoning behind all this effort."

For so much effort and so much responsibility, what is the quid pro quo to offset the interruptions and deviations from the normal activities of busy concert artists, the justification for the three-men-on-a-hobby aspect of their activity? Stern's answer was both thoughtful and revealing: "Playing with two partners who are strongly endowed with technical control and musical ideas makes a very special partnership and gives the Trio the quality of *brio* that I think is unique in the way we play. The large dynamic range that we can use at any time, from an orchestrated massiveness when we're all going hell-bent-for-leather, to the intensity of a four-*piano pppp* that still floats in the air with an urgency. This, I think, comes through for one major reason. All of us are soloists, and in solo performance have come to know, recognize, look for that ecstasy, that moment when there is the unity between the music, the performer, and the audience. It is this power of projection *individually* that is rarely found, I think I can say in all candor, in chamber music performers. Each of us having it, or having experienced it, can put it to the service of the music and have it together as a *joint* experience even more strongly. We force, by the very nature of the music and by our playing, and by the work we do, we force, each of us, to do our best at all times. Naturally, there are nights when one or the other is a little bit tired or off, or this or that, but that's such a *minimal* difference that I think only we recognize the variation. This, then, is the pride of the Trio, this accumulated, joint sense of power, the security we enjoy when we walk on stage. Because there, more than anywhere else I think, is where all the inner play comes into being. We rehearse—sometimes screaming at one another about this thing or that detail—we rehearse sometimes down to a very fine point. But in the performance we put it away and let go, and there is a sense of a happening, the real sense of a happening that comes from a very disciplined background."

Any discussion in depth of the Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio would be incomplete without reference to the illustrious ensemble to which it has often been compared. Gratifying as this may be, it is also somewhat misleading. The great fame of the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals ensemble rests largely upon its legendary recordings of the Beethoven Opus 97 *Archduke*, the Schubert B-flat, and the Haydn G-major, and in lesser degree the Brahms Double in which the two string players performed with an orchestra under the direction of their piano-playing colleague.

Their association dated from an early year of the century (an illustration in the booklet for the *Archduke* as reissued in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series shows them as they appeared in 1904) and persevered intermittently into the Thirties. They came together primarily during the summer months in a pre-Marlboro kind of rendezvous for mental stimulation and spiritual rejuvenation, but there were long lapses as well. For example, they were dispersed during the years of World War I, with Casals in America (a contemporary photo shows him on a tennis court in Maine) and the others elsewhere. More particularly, their history of public performances together is a limited one, with no appearances I know of in America.

Further comparisons may be forgone, nor are they really necessary. Jacques Thibaud celebrated the kind of joy there is in such an association when he wrote (as quoted in Cobbett's *Encyclopedia of Chamber Music*):

> There is nothing so enjoyable for the true artist as ensemble playing with his peers. Solo playing seems quite unimportant beside it. I recall as the most perfect and beautiful of all my musical memories, a string quartet and quintet (with piano) session in Paris in my own home, where we played three of the loveliest chamber music works ever written, in the following combinations: Beethoven's seventh quartet, Opus 59, No. 1, with Ysaÿe, myself, Kreisler viola—he plays it remarkably well—and Casals cello; and the Mozart G-major, myself, Kreisler violin II, Ysaÿe viola, and Casals. Then we telephoned to Pugno [Cortot was apparently out of town] who came over, and after an excellent dinner, we played the César Franck Piano Quintet. It was the most enjoyable musical day of my life. A concert manager offered us a fortune to play in this combination—just two concerts in every capital in Europe.

It is to the lasting credit of Istomin, Stern, and Rose not merely that they have aroused recollections of such great predecessors but that they have put themselves out to share the results with audiences on three continents (soon to be four). But, as Thibaud indicates, they also have a world or two left to conquer; in the very nature of their superiority, they have created an appetite that is not only voracious but insatiable.

Wednesday Evening Series

November 11
Trio in G major—"Kakadu" Variations, Op. 121 A
Sonata for Piano and Violin in D major, Op. 12 No 1
Sonata for Piano and Cello in C major, Op. 102 No 1
Trio in D major, Op. 70 No 1 (*"Ghost"*)

November 18
Trio in Eb major, Op. Posthumous
Sonata for Piano and Horn in F major, Op. 17
Sonata for Piano and Violin in A minor, Op. 23
Variations for Piano and Cello in F major, Op. 66—"Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" (*Zauberflöte*)
Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon in E-flat major, Op. 16

November 25
Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major, Op. 12 No 2
Variations for Piano and Cello in G major—Theme from Judas Maccabaeus
Sonata for Piano and Violin in E-flat major, Op. 12 No 3
Trio in C minor, Op. 1 No 3

December 2
Variations for Piano and Cello in E-flat major—"Bei Männern, welche Liebe fühlen" (*Zauberflöte*)
Sonata for Piano and Violin in G major, Op. 30 No 3
Sonata for Piano and Violin in C minor, Op. 30 No 2
Trio in B-flat major, Op. Posthumous
Trio in E-flat major, Op. 1 No 1

Saturday Evening Series

November 14
Sonata for Piano and Cello in G minor, Op. 5 No 2
Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major, Op. 47 (*"Kreutzer"*)
Trio in B-flat major, Op. 11

November 28
Sonata for Piano and Violin in F major, Op. 24 (*"Spring"*)
Sonata for Piano and Cello in A major, Op. 69
Trio in G major, Op. 1 No 2

December 5
Trio Variations in E-flat major, Op. 44
Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major, Op. 30 No 1
Sonata for Piano and Cello in F major, Op. 5 No 1
Trio in Eb major, Op. 70 No 2

December 12
Sonata for Piano and Cello in D major, Op. 102 No 2
Sonata for Piano and Violin in G major, Op. 96
Trio in B-flat major, Op. 97 (*"Archduke"*)

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Finer "Forza," Optional "Requiems"

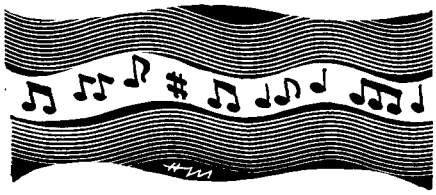
Giuseppe Verdi intensely admired Shakespeare, and *La Forza del destino* is the most Shakespearean of his twenty-six operas. Obviously, its libretto was not derived—as the librettos of *Macbeth, Otello,* and *Falstaff* were—from one or more of Shakespeare's plays. But when *La Forza* is sung complete in Verdi's 1869 revision, Francesco Maria Piave's libretto for it becomes a very successful attempt to conjure up a special world by surrounding the central action and characters with "clowns," ancillary characters, and scenes of local color, a fabric of more Shakespearean density and variety than his less successful libretto for *Macbeth* or even Boïto's librettos for the two greater last operas. If for no reason other than that it gives us the opera substantially complete, the new Angel recording of *La Forza* (SDL-3765, $23.98) would be highly welcome.

After Piave and Verdi, the "stars" of this recording are its Leonora (Martina Arroyo), its Alvaro (Carlo Bergonzi), its Carlo (Piero Cappuccilli), its Melitone (Sir Geraint Evans), and—very notably—its Padre Guardiano, here called the Father Superior (Ruggero Raimondi). Lamberto Gardelli conducts the opera well, though without exploiting to any superior purpose the patent talents of his solo singers, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus. He keeps matters under control and moving forward, fits the numerous apparently discrete incidents into the arc of a progression, but does not illuminate orchestral details with any incandescence of his own.

As Leonora, Martina Arroyo again shows herself to be a Verdi stylist of the order of Montserrat Caballé and Leontyne Price. Her articulation of the Italian words is not always distinct: She has a tendency to slide over final syllables when they occur at the ends of musical phrases. Hers is, of course, a handsome, wide-ranging voice. As the exiled Inca prince, Carlo Bergonzi, not sounding his freshest, is nonetheless superb. The Carlo of Piero Cappuccilli has an easily distinguishable coloring of its own, so that in the renowned third-act duet "Solenne in quest'ora" one need not wonder who is singing what lines: He has a rich arsenal of means for vocal characterization. Ruggero Raimondi is the very model of a Padre Guardiano, using his rounded voice with compassionate nobility. The only approximate flaw in the performance is the Preziosilla of Biancamaria Casoni, who flubs some of the vivandière's flourishes but is otherwise persuasive. Geraint Evans creates Melitone's human weaknesses as well as his exacerbated vitality, and strains on only a few high tones. As the sly Trabuco, Florindo Andreolli, while making him sound almost as ancient as the Emperor in *Turandot,* sketches out a genuine individual. Antonio Zerbini is credible as the Marquis of Calatrava, and even the smallest roles are well conceived and projected.

La Forza del destino is one of those operas in which the music has formed an amalgam with both the sound and the meaning of its words, so that listening to it (without knowledge of Italian) with the Italian libretto and a literal English translation is essential if one is to comprehend all that is in it. Angel has supplied with these four records the fine Dale McAdoo translation originally used with the now-deleted Callas-Tucker recording, and has added to it both the Italian and the English of the scenes that were omitted from that earlier version. The booklet also provides an informative introduction by Harold Rosenthal and a clear scene-by-scene recounting of the story. Altogether, among currently available versions of *La Forza,* this is the rival to RCA's Leontyne Price-Richard Tucker-Robert Merrill-Giorgio Tozzi recording (conducted by Thomas Schippers, LSC-6413). If a single selection must be made, I would plump for this one.

For a performance of the Verdi "Manzoni" Requiem, would you prefer a conductor to emphasize, even stress, the musical, devotional aspects of that masterpiece, or to bear down upon its theatrical, overtly operatic elements? That question is aroused by two new recordings of the Requiem: one (Angel, SB-3757, $11.98) conducted by the late Sir John Barbirolli, with the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra and, as the four soloists, Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Jon Vickers, and Ruggero Raimondi; the other (Columbia, M2-30060, $11.98) conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Martina Arroyo, Josephine Veasey, Placido Domingo, and again Raimondi. Because both versions have surpassing excellences, an answer to the question may be required.



The impossible, ideal solution to the problem would be the power to extract a detail or soloist or section from one recording, another from the other. In the presence of superior qualities of this category, all choices (rather than just *some* choices, as in the case of inferior performances) become extremely private. Therefore, having said that in both recordings Raimondi strikes me as almost ideal (he responds with equal subtlety to both varieties of conducting), I can only offer a *catalogue raisonné* of my own preferences. Engineering: Both versions are abreast of today's highest standards. Conductor: Barbirolli, because I value his emphasis on the more directly musical and devotional qualities of the already properly theatrical Requiem more than Bernstein's exaggerations of them.

Orchestra: no preference. Chorus ditto. Soloists: Caballé, who seems to have settled earlier doubts about what sort of soprano she really is by becoming the foremost Verdian soprano of our time (not that I find flaws in Arroyo's singing); Placido Domingo, because the colors in his voice strike me as more appropriate for Verdi than those in Vickers's, and because he has evolved a truly noble style; Fiorenza Cossotto, because—again—the very coloring of her voice is more Verdian than that of Josephine Veasey's.

Barbirolli, Bernstein, and the Columbia and EMI (Angel) engineers have not among them solved one extremely tricky problem: how to balance the soprano and mezzo-soprano in the supernally beautiful "Agnus Dei." In the Angel recording, particularly when the two voices are unaccompanied, Cossotto tends to dominate; in the Columbia, Arroyo. A mirror flaw, then, not helpful toward making a choice. Nor could I possibly, in the time and space available, compare these two recordings with the seven others listed in the September 1970 *Schwann,* even supposing that such a comparison would be useful. The most to be said, as I see it, is that either the new Angel or the new Columbia version comes close to doing full justice to Verdi's towering Requiem. I shall listen more often to the Barbirolli version, because I feel strongly that the most important artist in the performance of a large multivoiced composition is the conductor.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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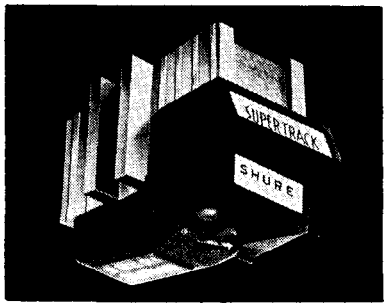
Our worst kept secret.



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Recordings in Review

"Das klagende Lied" Complete

MAHLER: *Das klagende Lied. Elisabeth Soederstroem and Evelyn Lear, sopranos; Grace Hoffman, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows and Ernst Haefliger, tenors; and Gerd Nienstedt, baritone; with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Pierre Boulez. "Adagio" (Symphony No. 10). Pierre Boulez conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia stereo, M2 30061, $11.98.

FOR HIS DEBUT on records as a conductor of Mahler, Pierre Boulez has fortified his position by offering the composer's *Das klagende Lied* (the earliest of his works to persist in the repertory) in its first, three-movement form. This is less a coup than a contravention of the composer's own action in deleting the first section from the portion he later revised and approved for performance. Thus the first section is offered as he left it (in 1880), the remainder in the revision of 1898.

For those palpitating Mahlerites who may wonder whether they should discard their own *Klagende Lied* recordings to acquire this "complete" version, the word is—don't. The first side, devoted to a section called "Waldmärchen," is in the nature of a prelude that may add to story line but does not embody significant new musical material (as had been noted previously in comments by some who had seen the manuscript in the possession of Alfred Rosé). It is absorbing, the first time around, to note the manner of Mahler's evolution of the subject matter; but one doubts that such interest would prevail thereafter.

In this opening section, a first listener to that matter might accept the Boulez treatment as not only painstaking but sympathetic. But once into the more familiar territory of Part II it becomes clearly, painfully apparent that Boulez does not really understand German romanticism, feel it, or respond to it. This is not to say that the symbols on the page are misrepresented: They are meticulously, sometimes too meticulously, observed. But the action and interaction of the orchestra and voices; the rise and fall of the emotional, as opposed to the literal, line; the capacity of music to make pictures as well as sense—all these are deficient in the Boulez treatment. Without them—as, for example, the hardly prestigious Zoltán Fekete provides in his Lyrichord recording—*Das klagende Lied* is a more ambitious than successful venture.

The Boulez treatment of the "Adagio" from the Tenth Symphony is all line and counterfigure, deficient in warmth or compassion, the fundamental factors that have singled this section out from the largely incomplete whole as something to be savored and treasured. There is not much to savor and certainly less to treasure in this kind of treatment. The vocal soloists in *Das klagende Lied* are more abundant than outstanding, largely for the reason that the good repute of the persons named has not been paired with sufficient preparation to make them wholly at ease in their assignments. Both works are well reproduced.

Holst by Herrmann

HOLST: *The Planets. Bernard Herrmann conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* London stereo, SPC 210-49, $5.98.

WELL BEFORE there was a long-playing record to facilitate the recording of uncommon repertory or foundations to proselytize it, there was a CBS radio program that ranged far across the whole spectrum of unfamiliar orchestral music. In addition to Raff and Reger, Cowell and Ives, its conductor Bernard Herrmann had an abiding conviction that there was more to contemporary (ca. 1935) English music than Elgar and Bax.

Indeed, he was partial to—among others—the likes of Joseph Hesyltine and Bernard van Dieren, but that is another story. The current story is that Herrmann's feeling for and understanding of Holst and his *Planets* is no new thing. It is not hi-fi-spawned, but a real bred-in-the-bone, aged-in-the-wood, bottled-in-bond product of early enthusiasm and prolonged study.

Thus, when confronted by the opportunities of "Phase 4" techniques, Herrmann does not think either primarily or secondarily of how much vibratory matter he can get into the grooves of the record, but, rather, how true and meaningful a likeness of Holst's thinking and feeling he can convey thereby. Unlike more than a few recordings of *The Planets*, this one is less remarkable for the volume of sound the orchestra can create in "Mars, the Bringer of War" or "Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity" than it is for the fine-spun texture of "Venus, the Bringer of Peace." Not that the admirer of the Holstian *fortissimo* drums and trumpets is denied a fulfilling portion of them, but, rather, that they are part of the whole rather than, as some conductors try to persuade us, the gist of Holst. Indeed, when one has absorbed the gradual disappearance into the distance of the vanishing texture of "Neptune, the Mystic" as Herrmann conceives it, the conclusion has to be that this is an end worthy of the beginning with "Mars, the Bringer of War." The sound techniques are all that "Phase 4" has come to connote.

Paul Wittgenstein—"the price of his survival as an artist."

Wittgenstein's Veritable Ravel

RAVEL: *Concerto for the Left Hand. Paul Wittgenstein, piano; with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Max Rudolf.* BACH-BRAHMS: *Chaconne.* REGER: *Prelude and Fugue; Romanze.* SCHUBERT-LISZT: *"Meeresstille." Wittgenstein, piano.* Orion stereo, ORS 7028, $5.98.

CONSIDERING THE NUMBER of pianists who have poached on the preserves of Paul Wittgenstein, whose service in the Austrian army of World War I cost him his right arm, it seems only appropriate that the man who commissioned Ravel to write a concerto for the left hand should be phonographically represented by the results. A product of the late Fifties, when, according to a note on the jacket, it was issued on the Period label—an event of which I have neither recollection nor record—it was reasonably well recorded and bore its years without too much debility.

Compared with those of such interpreters as Robert Casadesus, Samson François, and John Browning, Wittgenstein's performance sounds both

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more strenuous and effortful. However, it emerges after a while that playing with his left hand was more than merely a challenge to Wittgenstein (as it was to those mentioned above); it was the price of his survival as an artist. Hence, it is wholly understandable why his performance, both big and powerful, should embody a kind of desperation that would not be heard from anyone else. Rudolf and the orchestra collaborate well to an end that is not outstanding in sonority—the piano has a dull, hollow sound—but has human values that have outlived both the creator and the re-creator (Ravel died in 1937, Wittgenstein as recently as 1961).

The appeal of the other material will depend on listener interest in 1) Wittgenstein, 2) piano technique, 3) Bach, Schubert, Reger. It is entertaining to hear in a representative performance the arrangement of the Chaconne Brahms made for his own practice purposes (a much closer likeness to the difficulties of the original for the violinist than the Busoni enlargement is for the pianist), but the deficiencies of the piano reproduction are more aggravating in the solo pieces than in the Concerto.

Ghosts of the Pneumatic Past

RACHMANINOFF: *Prelude in C-sharp minor; Serenade; Liebesleid and Liebesfreud (Kreisler-Rachmaninoff); Elegie.* CHOPIN: *Waltz Brilliant (Op. 34); Chants polonais (Op. 74); Scherzo (Op. 31); Waltz (Op. 18, No. 1). Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano.* Klavier stereo, KS 103, $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight").* PAGANINI-LISZT: *La*

(*Continued on page* 62)

Rosemary Brown—"music . . . 'written' after the composer's death."

Rosemary's Babies

BROWN: *(In the manner of)* BEETHOVEN: *Bagatelle.* SCHUBERT: *Moment musical.* CHOPIN: *Impromptu in F minor.* LISZT: *Jesus Walking on the Water; Grübelei; Valse brillante.* DEBUSSY: *Danse exotique.* BRAHMS: *Waltz. Peter Katin, piano.* BROWN: *(In the Manner of)* LISZT: *Consolation; Swan at Twilight; Rêve en bateau; Lament; Jesus at Prayer.* GRIEG: *Shepherd Piping.* SCHUMANN: *Longing.* CHOPIN: *Ballade. Rosemary Brown, piano.* Philips stereo, PHS 900 256, $5.98.

ANYONE FAMILIAR with music is also familiar with the terminology "opus post.," which, when elaborated into the words "opus posthumous," signifies a work published posthumously, or after the composer's death. According to Miss Rosemary Brown, a middle-aged Londoner, what is presented here represents music not merely published but *written* after the composer's death: works that were dictated to her by visitations from the great composers above identified.

Before considering the quality of the results, one may ask, politely: What are the credentials for considering such a possibility with or without regard for the present instance? More than a little, according to sundry students of psychic phenomena, among them Dr. W. H. C. Tenhaeff, professor of parapsychology, Faculty of Social Sciences, State University of Utrecht (Philips, after all, is a Dutch-based company, and clarity, as well as quality, properly begins at home). In his learned dissertation (quoted in the album's brochure), he considers the possibilities of "automatic writing" (one person doing the bidding of another) or of "cryptomnesia" (hidden memory, or the reproduction at a later date of things learned, and forgotten, much earlier). For herself, Miss Brown is heard not merely reproducing, pianistically, some of the easier pieces she claims to have received from the hereafter, but also discussing, verbally, the appearance, mannerisms, and modes of discourse she perceived in her dealings with Chopin, Liszt, Schubert, et al. Finally, for a scholarly touch, she appends a discourse received from Sir Donald Tovey (one hesitates to use the expression "the late" in this context, though Tovey died in 1940) on January 1, 1970—like a good Scotsman, the not late Sir Donald appeared promptly on the first day of January, not wasting a day of the new year—attesting to the authenticity of the communications, if not to the quality of the musical works themselves.

Which, like the cautious critic that he familiarly was, and is (for his legion of admirers, Sir Donald lives now, not in Edinburgh, nor in his home at Northlands, but in the pages of the *Essays in Musical Analysis, The Mainstream of Music,* etc.), Sir Donald could hardly do. In the main, they are trash of the salon variety, marked—in the instance of the pieces simple enough for Miss Brown to play herself—by the stylistic fingerprints of Liszt or Grieg or whatever ("whatever" is the composer of the waltz attributed to Brahms, which would certainly have ended up in the smallest room in his house). The longer, more complicated pieces performed by Peter Katin are slightly more sophisticated in content as well as in form, but they too deal—when they deal with anything—in mannerisms and traits rather than in substance. Beethoven was obviously having an off day, or night, when he visited Miss Brown, for the "Bagatelle" he left with her is hardly worth even that minimal description, a leaving, more likely, of something his celebrated nephew discarded.

Allowing for a trillion-to-one possibility that what Miss Brown says happened did happen, and that she was receiving musical messages from the spirit world, the final conclusion must be that not one of the composers has had a new idea or a worthwhile thing to say in the decades (centuries, in the case of Bach) since he last had the opportunity to convey his thoughts on paper. Nor, if she were responding to some form of extrasensory perception other than communication with the spirit world, did she even by accident stumble upon a *continuation* of some trend left behind when the composer in question died.

My guess is that Miss Brown, a poor to average pianist whose formal musical education is described as "limited," has some variety of fantasy that manifests itself in the form of musical ruminations. Unfortunately, like the breadmaking machine in *The Rake's Progress,* however marvelous the mechanics, the product is indigestible.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C (Op. 15); Sonata in F (Op. 10, No. 2). Claudio Arrau, piano; with Bernard Haitink conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Philips stereo, 839749, $5.98.	There is a rare order of refinement in Arrau's treatment of this work, and a high degree of compatibility in the orchestral work under the direction of Haitink. This, clearly, is no studio-bred partnership, but one that had a history of association prior to the final fact. One could express a desire for a little more of this or a little less of that in the first two movements, but the finale is pure felicity. It is not merely a singularly sympathetic response to the work's enlivening spirit but an uncommonly acute reading of the then unconventional	letter of its writing. This applies especially to such matters as the right-hand left-hand cross-fertilization of the rhythmic design and the whole sonorous concept. The idea of combining a sonata with a concerto has been advanced in other issues of this series, and it has much to commend it. To be sure, there are not thirty-two concertos to make a perfect match for the sonatas, but this one is both welcome and well played. The composer of the otherwise unidentified cadenzas is Beethoven himself.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury stereo, SR 90523, $5.98.	Dorati's attachments to volume and velocity as the sources of musical values wear themselves out sooner than the attractions of the work on which they are imposed. In other words, well before the interest of the work reaches its climax, Dorati's treatment of it has entered the sphere of diminishing returns. The reason for this is simple enough: Beethoven, out of his sagacity and experience as a creator, had provided the work with shade as well as light, relaxation as well as tension, all in the name of the	contrast that recharges interest and rebuilds attention. Dorati, out of a primary interest in his own interpretative ideas, minimizes contrast in a rather futile pursuit of effect. Aside from the slow movement, which is well conceived and ably communicated to his associates, Dorati labors too many obvious points and slights too many subtle ones for a rounded statement of Beethoven. Both the playing and the recording are first-class.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; with Heather Harper, soprano; Helen Watts, mezzo; Alexander Young, tenor; and Donald McIntyre, bass. London "Phase 4" stereo, SPC 21043, $5.98.	Scant trace remains today of the Ninth that Stokowski made with The Philadelphia Orchestra in the Thirties (with a finale in English), but this one is musically among the peaks of his career. It blends the phenomenal sense of orchestral execution with a righteous sense of the score's detail for three movements. As is almost inevitable, he goes his own way eventually in a finale that is "improved" in some details of rhythm and pace that were better left alone. How-	ever, much of the solo singing is excellent, though the one critical moment finds Stokowski surprisingly tolerant of a palpably false note by the otherwise excellent Heather Harper. Also, the "close-up" of the quartet at *"Alle Menschen werden Brüder"* disserves the fine acoustical focus previously attained. And, true to himself to the end, Stokowski manages to telescope some values in the final phrase of the finale.
Schuman: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 5. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, MS 7442, $5.98.	Though Schuman's works, especially his symphonies, are generally admired in terms of their rhythmic vitality and emotional drive, both of these works strike me—in the objectivity of retrospect and the circumstances of juxtaposition—to be more distinguished for their melodic, which is to say lyric, content. More than occasionally, the churned-up momentum and the frenzies of "orgiastic" rhythms sound synthetic, indeed coldly calculated	for the purpose they might serve in a given moment of a work rather than emerging organically from a preceding thought or leading on to another. Schuman's fondness for percussion—as distinct from rhythm—makes for a show of strength rather than the convincing thing itself. Bernstein renders justice, impartially, to all aspects of the works, and the reproduction is outstandingly good.
Stanley, J.: Concertos Op. 2, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6. Emanuel Hurwitz conducting a chamber orchestra with Charles Spinks, harpsichord. L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 315, $5.95.	For those to whom the numerical concerti grossi of Corelli and Handel are insufficient, these works of the English John Stanley may be commended as very similar in manner if not as substantial in matter. A youthful contemporary of Handel, who was in his twenties when Stanley was born in 1713, he overcame the handicap of blindness in childhood to achieve a sizable musical mastery. There are, indeed, more than a few moments as well as several movements	in which Stanley's results approach those of Handel, but he is not prone to discovering unexpected solutions to formal or harmonic problems. (The sequence generally comes out as custom would predict.) The performances under the propulsive direction of Hurwitz are mostly excellent, but when it comes to charm, grace, or inspired insight, a Beecham he is not. Very good quality of sound and highly successful reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake* Suite. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, M 30056, $5.98.	I can (with some difficulty) find it in my heart to forgive the procedure by which this presentation begins with materials of Act III and proceeds backward to Act II—though I cannot see any practical advantage in this practice—even to repeating one particularly feeble piece of sub-Tchaikovsky invention. What I cannot forgive is the Saturday-night-pops kind of musical treatment in which the battery has the clearest channel to the	listener's ear, the rhythm is insistent rather than infectious, and the solos for violin are indifferently played by uncredited performers (by contrast, Angel considers this music worth the while of Yehudi Menuhin). It is, in other words, all rather prosaically produced, with few of the musical distinctions that one might rightfully anticipate from the elements herein identified. —I.K.

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Virtue and Virtuosity in Bach

BACH: *Six Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord. Two Sonatas for Violin and Basso Continuo. Sonya Monosoff, violin; James Weaver, harpsichord; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba. Recorded with instruments from the National Collection of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.* Cambridge stereo, CRS B 2822, $17.94, three records, boxed.

BACH: *Six Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord. James Buswell IV, violin; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.* Vanguard Cardinal stereo, VCS 10080/1, $7.96, two records.

In his Six Sonatas for Harpsichord *concertato* and Violin, Bach created the prototype of the duo sonata, based on the principle of equal partnership between the two instruments. He raised the harpsichord from the status of humble "accompanist" to that of a star performer. On the surface, the method seems rather simple: Bach substituted a fully worked-out keyboard part for the conventional semi-improvised figured bass accompaniment. But the change went deeper: The texture became contrapuntal rather than chordal. Most of the writing in these sonatas is three-voiced, with the two treble lines divided between the violin and the right hand of the harpsichordist, while his left hand plays the bass line. This presents an immediate problem of balance, for the thin sound of the harpsichord's middle and upper registers is no match for the violin, even if played discreetly.

The performers on these new sets are well aware of the inherent problems of the works, and each team tries to solve the difficulties of ensemble and balance in its own distinctive way. A complete solution eludes both.

Sonya Monosoff is known for her expertise in baroque music, and she approaches her task realizing that it is a difficult one—an awareness that seems to inhibit her occasionally. James Buswell is a young virtuoso who scales down his playing to chamber music proportions—a task he accomplishes with taste, though his solo inclinations are betrayed at times. Even more crucial is the difference between the harpsichordists. Fernando Valenti's tone is lean and elegant, his approach is rather free and full of agogic nuances (i.e., small stresses on certain notes). James Weaver's playing sounds more massive and straightforward, with fewer dynamic shadings but greater awareness of certain performance practices. In this recording, Weaver's harpsichord was microphoned too closely, resulting in a clangorous sound that often puts the violin at a disadvantage. In terms of overall balance between violin and harpsichord, the Buswell-Valenti recording is more satisfying.

However, in reading Mr. Weaver's informative program notes, it becomes clear that the kind of sonority produced on his recording is intentional rather than accidental. He puts much stress on the authenticity of the instruments used—all owned by the Smithsonian Institution. The harpsichord, made in 1745 by Dulcken of Antwerp, has an unusual length (eight feet six inches), with four sets of jacks and rich tonal resources. The violin, made in 1759 by John Marshall of London (modeled after Amati), is equipped with eighteenth-century fittings, such as a shorter, thicker neck, narrow bass bar, small sound post, and gut strings. The bow is of the same period, somewhat lighter and springier than the Tourte-type bow used today. But authenticity is not necessarily synonymous with quality. No short neck can transform a Marshall violin into an Amati, and the recorded sound of the eighteenth-century bow is indistinguishable from a Tourte bow. The fact is that a violin with eighteenth-century fittings requires an eighteenth-century pitch, which was lower than the one used today; played at the modern pitch of 440 (as in the Monosoff-Weaver recording), most of the alleged advantages of the "authentic" fittings are lost.

As for the Dulcken harpsichord—obviously a magnificent instrument—it seems too rich and too powerful for chamber music; certainly this type of instrument would not have been found in an eighteenth-century home.

From the point of view of interpretation, each of the teams has a distinct profile. Buswell and Valenti are two virtuosos in the best sense of the word, with an absolute command of their instruments. They take certain interpretative liberties, obviously wishing to break away from the metronomic concept of Bach. They do not hesitate to interrupt the unflagging rhythm of an *allegro* movement by slowing down temporarily to stress a new musical idea, or to add expressive (almost mannered) ritards at cadential points in *adagio* movements. In fact, some of their slow movements seem excessively slow; one example is the Siciliano of the Sonata No. 4, where their eighth-note equals 58 on the metronome. The same movement is played by Monosoff at the speed of 104 (i.e., almost twice as fast), while Menuhin takes it at a comfortable 88 to an eighth-note. Buswell and Valenti are more concerned with expressive quality than with musicological accuracy, and there are occasional inconsistencies of trills, ornaments, and other scholarly matters. What emerges, however, is an interpretation of imagination and clarity, perhaps not always to the purist's taste, but uniformly interesting.

Monosoff and Weaver are excellent musicians with a firm technical command, whose main concern is faithful adherence to the letter and style of Bach's music as they see it. Their playing is clean, straightforward, scholarly, accurate, and free of any mannerisms. A greater sense of tonal shadings, a little more grace and imagination would have been desirable. The predominance of the harpsichord has already been mentioned; even in those movements where the violin is clearly the protagonist, the harpsichord sounds too obtrusive. Miss Monosoff handles the paraphernalia of eighteenth-century authenticity with her customary assurance, though the adjustment must have been difficult. Mr. Weaver shows a commendable awareness of performance practice, even though scholars are not unanimous—namely the *notes inégales* in the finale of No. 3 where he adjusts the left hand to the triplet meter in the right.

Because of the inherent limitations of the harpsichord, both teams fail at one juncture: the prolonged pedal point in the "Allegro" of No. 2. Both Valenti and Weaver feel justified in repeating the low "e" in the bass, creating such a racket (especially in Weaver's case) that the important right hand is drowned out.

The Monosoff-Weaver set contains two additional Bach sonatas, both for violin and figured bass, the latter realized for harpsichord and viola da gamba. Judith Davidoff joins the ensemble as a sensitive gamba player. Miss Monosoff plays the solo violin part with sweep and assurance, but her dynamic shadings are not always fully matched by the accompaniment. The three artists are at their best in the Sonata in G major (BWV 1021), a rarely played work discovered as recently as 1928; it is a beautifully balanced, tonally integrated performance.

—BORIS SCHWARZ.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Mass in C (Op. 86). Hanne-Lohre Kuhse, soprano; Annelies Burmeister, mezzo; Peter Schreier, tenor; and Theo Adam, bass; with the Gewandhaus Orchestra and the Rundfunkchor Leipzig, conducted by Herbert Kegel. Telefunken stereo, SAT 22 512, $5.95.	There is a good deal to relish in this forthright, large-scale performance under the capable direction of Kegel (a name hitherto unknown to me). This includes excellent choral singing and orchestral playing, first-class registration by the sound technicians, and a thorough grasp of the content of this sometimes ambiguous work. The shortcomings do, in a way, have to do with the ambiguity, for in this work of 1806 (written for Haydn's last Esterházy, Count Nikolaus)	Beethoven had not yet arrived at the stylistic unity to be found in subsequent choral works. As a result, there is a demand for facility in vocal embellishment, and a moderate amount of florid writing, from the female voices, that is not to the advantage of either Kuhse or Burmeister (the latter's heavy voice is impressive in itself, but a little weighty for this music). Schreier and Adam are less involved, and on the whole do well.
Hindemith: *Kleine Kammermusik* (Op. 24, No. 2). Boston Symphony Chamber Players. **Milhaud:** *Pastorale.* **Schubert:** Trio in B flat (Op. 99). RCA stereo, LSC 3166, $5.98.	There is nothing but virtue in the fulfillment of Hindemith's purpose in his five contrasted movements. However, that is not praise so much as verification of the results to be expected from an ensemble whose components include R. Gomberg, oboe; G. Cioffi, clarinet; S. Walt, bassoon; D. A. Dwyer, flute; and John Stagliano, horn—the prime players of their instruments in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As much may be said for the delightful *Pastorale* of Milhaud whose performers may be—the attributions are vague on this point—Messrs. Gomberg, Cioffi, and Walt. At least they are the ones in the listing who play (well) the instruments for which the work is scored. A rather different thing, however, is the Schubert Trio, for which the string players are Joseph Silverstein, concertmaster of the BSO, and Jules	Eskin, its first cellist. There being no pianist, as such, in the orchestra, Claude Frank has been enlisted as "guest artist." An excellent technician and a particularly able chamber music player, Frank's choice is, abstractly, good. But he produces nothing personal to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, nor does the work really belong in a context of such values. It is clean, affectionate, sophisticated Schubert that he produces with Silverstein and Eskin, a little inclined toward the academic in its unvarying concern for every marking and detail in the score. The inclusion of them is applaudable, but one would prefer to have them integrated into an overall conception that sweeps on irresistibly, rather than observed as so many stop signs, red lights, and crossing markings on the way home. Fine sound.
Kagel: *Ludwig van.* Carlos Feller, bass; William Pearson, baritone; Bruno Canino and Frederic Rzewski, pianos; Sachko Gavriloff and Egbert Oistersek, violins; Gérard Ruymen, viola; and Siegfried Palm, cello. DGG stereo, 2530014, $5.98.	"Miscellaneous" is the only possible category for the caterwauling and the gory mayhem inflicted on the corpus of Beethoven in the name of creating a "contribution by Beethoven to the music of our time." As the intermediary, Mauricio Kagel assigned to himself the privilege of combining anything with anything, so long as it is all by Beethoven. Thus a lengthy fantasy based on the slow movement of the Opus 70, No. 1, Trio hesitates not to combine elements from any part of Beethoven, at any tempo. Kagel's creative function here strikes me as either a)	to impart some order to the excerpts or b) not to. It is all but impossible to tell which extreme is being favored at any given time. Then there is another kind of "interpretation" in which the beginning of Opus 111 comes out stuttering and stammering as if the piano roll had stuck to the roller. In any case, Kagel is afflicted by a tedious case of the "nows," for which the only recommended remedy is quiet, bed rest, and a strict avoidance of music paper (it apparently had a maddening effect on the patient).
Mozart: Serenade No. 12 in C minor (K. 388). Alexander Schneider conducting. *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (K. 425). Pablo Casals conducting. Columbia stereo, MS 7446, $5.98.	As name values might dictate, the version of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* directed by Casals is given precedence over the Serenade with Schneider. However, in musical terms, it is the playing of the Serenade that provides the quality to lure the possible purchaser. With Richard Solis and Myron Bloom, horns; John Mack and Joseph Turner, oboes; Larry Combs and Harold Wright, clarinets; and William Winstead and Joyce Kelley, bassoons, as his personnel, Schneider has assurance of an exceptional ensemble with which to elaborate their common concept. It is beautifully formulated, meticulously controlled, and	always the vital Mozart that they achieve together, a high tribute to the musicianship at work. By contrast, the version of the string serenade directed by Casals is full of the nervous pulsations, excessive dynamics, and rough accentuations to which some give tribute as proof of his "rugged" musical feeling. Whatever place such inclinations may have in other music, they are *de trop* in a work of this one's lightness and festivity, even without regard for the title. The wind performance sounds like a studio product; the *Kleine Nachtmusik* plainly "live," with audience participation.
Wagner: "Immolation Scene" (*Götterdämmerung*); "Euch Lüften" (*Lohengrin*); "Du bist der Lenz" (*Die Walküre*). **Beethoven:** "Ah! Perfido." **Weber:** "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" (*Oberon*). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; with The Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victrola mono, VIC 1517, $2.98.	This may not be Flagstad's greatest recording of the "Immolation," but it is the first, and shows her magnificent instrument in its very first fresh, unblemished state (a state that endured for a considerable time, but that is not reproduced so fulfillingly on the other "Immolation" of comparable date). More to the point, this version is now being circulated for the first time, perhaps because of some technical flaw now amended, or out of too long delayed deference to the version made in San Francisco with Edwin McArthur conducting, or merely because The Philadelphia Orchestra is once again recording for RCA. It is, in any case, a stunning stretch of singing, al-	most breathtaking at some later points of climax. For that matter, if Ormandy does not have the special fervor that Furtwängler brings to Wagner in his version with Flagstad, he does have a highly regulated sense of cooperation with both orchestra and singer that confers benefits of its own. The sound is very ample (Academy of Music-originated) even by present listening criteria. The second side material has all been issued previously, but makes for a wonderfully rounded perspective of the Flagstad voice whether for those who have, or have not, owned it previously. Max de Schauensee, in a reminiscent mood, is the annotator. —I.K.

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Four-Channel at Westbury

The New York Hi-Fi Show was not held in New York this year but out in Westbury, Long Island. It was smaller and less hectic than the city shows but about equally crowded, and the informative lectures were not only informative but, for a bit of a change, interesting. (The Boston area suburban hi-fi show, to be held in Newton from October 30 to November 1, should be just about the same.)

But the equipment at the Westbury show, though just unveiled to the public, had been seen by the trade (and me) at CES in June. And the new development that I found most intriguing —the Electro-Voice/Len Feldman four-channel matrix system—showed up again at AES a few weeks later.

AES stands for the Audio Engineering Society, composed of the technicians responsible for both our recordings and the instruments we play them on. At their semiannual conventions one hears technical papers on the latest audio developments and browses among exhibits of the latest in recording gear.

No rational hi-fi bug would want most of it—even if you could afford a sixteen-channel mixing console two or three yards wide, where would you put it? But some items undoubtedly will find their way into the homes of well-heeled hi-fi nuts.

The biggest sensation (certainly in relation to its size) was the pocket-sized, ultra-miniature Model SN tape recorder from Nagra. It weighs only 1.3 pounds, fits in a pocket, and takes special, 2.68-inch-diameter spools of cassette-width tape; recording time is twenty-seven minutes at 3¾ ips. The specs are, as you'd expect from Nagra, quite professional: response from 80 to 15,000 Hz, plus or minus 2 db; signal-to-noise ratio is 60 db, and wow and flutter are only 0.1 per cent. But the price, alas, is equally professional—$1,095 for the basic machine.

Another little jewel—and priced like jewelry—was the Stellavox portable stereo recorder, at $1,600. Normally, it accepts standard 5-inch tape reels, but with a $113 accessory it will take the big, professional 10.5-inch tape reels, too. Naturally, it has provisions for condenser microphones and synchronized cinema recording.

Norelco, well known for their consumer tape cassette equipment, displayed a *professional* cassette recorder, for broadcast and data use. It has three-motor drive, bidirectional playback at speeds from 1⅞ to 7½ ips, remote control, and third-head monitoring; depending on the options chosen, the transport (not, apparently, including electronics) would cost $125 to $145.

Getting closer to the home market is Sony's 772 portable master recorder ($995, a 7-inch reel, 7.5-15-ips machine with battery and AC power). At the same booth were several Marantz items in professional rack mounts, and Elpa showed the new SSI Radial Track tone arm, a very elegant device that eliminates tracking error.

But the greatest significance for most home listeners probably rested with the four-channel developments described in the technical sessions. For this the industry is bound and determined you *will* be able to afford.

Now that a four-channel market shows signs of emerging, recording engineers are starting to discuss the ways and means of making such recordings more worth hearing. John Eargle of Mercury Records discussed ways of processing old two- and three-channel master tapes for four-channel playback. He demonstrated tapes made by his system to enthusiastic applause. John Woram of RCA records described experiments in microphone placement and mixing techniques for four-channel sound (not too surprisingly, since RCA is due out shortly with a raft of four-channel recordings in eight-track cartridges).

John Chowning, from Stanford University, demonstrated how a digital computer could give sounds the illusion of swooping about in space; it worked well, and heaven help us for the first year after the pop record producers discover it. Ampex's Edward Long discussed theoretical effects of microphone and speaker characteristics upon four-channel recording and playback. And Ed Hanson of Norelco gave an interim report on the cassette originator's progress in four-channel techniques. The Norelco system will halve the track width currently in cassette use, so that four-channel cassettes will be as compatible with current stereo and mono ones as they are now compatible with one another. Signal-to-noise ratio is reduced, of course, but Mr. Hanson says, "In practice, [other factors] reduce the disturbance level," and further improvements are foreseen before the system is to be marketed.

Meanwhile, of course, the question still stands of how we can afford four channels in our homes. The approach that seems to be snowballing is 4-2-4: sneaking all four signals into some kind of compatible two-channel medium, then sneaking our four original channels out against home. Such is the Scheiber approach, described in these pages last summer: The two rear-channel signals are mixed into the front ones in a way that permits them to be heard as a smooth blend when played over two-channel systems, yet be separated once again into four discreet signals when processed by a "black box" plugged into your hi-fi. It sounds tricky, but I assure you it works.

And so does the Electro-Voice/Len Feldman system I mentioned above. Feldman said just this summer (at CES) that he would not compete with the Mikado/Dorren FM four-channel quadracast multiplex system because it was better than his own. But with his new system (to be marketed in early 1971 by Electro-Voice), he comes into competition with Scheiber (and with Advent, which will make and sell Scheiber-system equipment). Results on four-channel material seemed roughly equal for both systems; when playing back two-channel records, both systems offered some enhancement, but because of differences in the recorded material used for the demonstrations it was difficult to say with real assurance which, if either, gave a better four-channel illusion. Both systems can apparently be used for FM broadcast with no FCC permission needed.

Not so the interesting quadriphonic disc system shown by JVC. Theirs puts the sums of the two left and the two right channels into the frequency range from 30 Hz to 15 kHz, and multiplexes in the band from 20 to 45 kHz the difference signals needed to decode them. To capture the latter frequency band will require a special JVC phono cartridge, and to broadcast it will require dispensation from FCC.

With all this talk, will there actually be four-channel recordings for us to hear? The manufacturers of recording gear are starting to think so. Most of today's studios are already equipped for quadriphonic sound, but this year two or three manufacturers introduced quad pan-pots, with joy-stick controls, that let the recording engineer place a signal anywhere he wishes within the four-speaker sound field. Again, not needed for the home. And not affordable—the cheapest one I saw was just under $200. But if you need one, that *is* cheap.

—IVAN BERGER.

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Holes in the Cheese, Cantos from the Cantons

by OLIVER DANIEL

As everyone knows, Swiss cheese is full of holes, but who cares! The cheese is usually delectable and the holes readily digestible. This is somewhat the case with the new assemblage of Swiss music on the second of a series of ten discs in the continuing anthology of Swiss music, in this instance spanning birth dates from 1716 to 1939. In a sense, the least significant works are those that lie at the opposite ends of the time span—the works of the oldest and the youngest—and for the same reasons. Both are mostly eclectic, cliché-ridden imitations of their periods. Of the early works, one unpretentious little gem, an "Ave Maria" by Carlo Soliva (1791-1865), stands out. Curiously, Soliva does not appear in any of the current reference books, including those of Grove, Baker, and Thompson. Yet, in his day, he conducted the first performance of Chopin's E-minor Concerto with the composer as soloist. He was also music master of the Imperial Court at St. Petersburg. His music has been compared to Zingarelli, Spontini, and even Donizetti, but the "Ave Maria," which lilts graciously with triplets in major thirds, sounds more like a Bavarian folk song or a pre-Brahms *Liebeslied*.

But all is not Swiss in this series, for it includes a work by a German composer who qualifies by reason of long residence in and association with Switzerland. He is Hermann Götz, born in Königsberg, East Prussia, December 7, 1840. At eighteen he became the organist of the Municipal Church in Winterthur, Switzerland, and later became associated with the music life of both Basel and Zurich. His inclusion here is not to be criticized, but rather to be praised. I have long felt that Götz is one of the most underrated nineteenth-century composers. He lived a mere thirty-six years, which, in a way, relates him to both Mozart and Schubert. Unlike them he was not prolific, but he achieved some of the most effusive and poetic utterances of his period. The recent interest in the concertos of this period, those of Paderewski, Hummel, Rubinstein, and Scharwenka, is indicative of the resurgence of interest in the neglected or relatively undiscovered treasures of the nineteenth century. But, compared to the Götz Concerto, Op. 18, in B flat, most of the others are pure Kitsch. Back in the heyday of radio, when serious music was one of its major ingredients, Bernard Herrmann performed Götz's only symphony with the CBS Orchestra; a replaying of the tape of this performance of twenty-five years ago reconfirms my high opinion of the work. Incidentally, I know of no other live performance in the United States, nor has there been any recording of it.

During his brief lifetime, Götz achieved considerable acclaim. He became a friend of Brahms and von Bülow (with whom he studied piano). Some contemporary critics compare him to both Brahms and Schumann, but the concerto is really more akin to the writing of Schumann than of Brahms and curiously at moments foreshadows the Strauss *Burleske*. Having been exposed to so much scraping of the baroque barrel, it is appropriate that we reinvestigate some of the forgotten men of the romantic period. Such research is certainly due, and Götz may be one of the happiest rediscoveries. Paul Baumgartner, a pianist I have not encountered before, plays the Götz Concerto with sweep and style that are wholly appropriate.

Two other late romantics are also recorded: Hermann Suter (1870-1926) and Othmar Schoeck (1886-1957). Suter was capable of writing some pages of utter loveliness and then following them with many more that sound like the work of the most obedient student of an academic hack. His *Laudi di San Francesco d'Assisi* is a long work—two full discs. It has some breathtaking moments. A high point is reached early in the praises to the Lord from the moon and stars for four solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. The soloists are superb. They are: Edith Mathis, soprano; Norma Procter, alto; Eric Tappy, tenor; and Fernando Corena, bass. But, out of nine cantos, there are perhaps three at most worth the efforts of the performers. Far more rewarding is a pastoral intermezzo for strings called *Summer Night*. Written in 1945, forty-six years after Schoenberg became transfigured by a night of his own, Schoeck's nocturne is less intense, less agonized, and developed in an atmosphere of quiet joyousness and romantic yearning.

A less distinctive, but charming, curiosity is a disc by Emile Jaques-Dalcroze. I had thought of him only in conjunction with his development of eurhythmics, a field in which he was once world-famous with flourishing schools and followers of his method in many major European and American cities. None of his operas or bigger works is heard now, and, if the current recording of *Le Jeu du Feuillu*—a set of spring songs for which he wrote both words and music—is characteristic, one understands why. He has a fairly long catalogue of works that enjoy happy oblivion.

A work of real significance is the Violin Concerto, Op. 69, by Willy Burkhard. Not a radical work in any sense, but one embodying some of the best features of early twentieth-century writing, it is tonal but varied and highly imaginative. One is reminded at moments of the best of Benjamin Britten. Never does Burkhard cover the soloist, and the blending of instrumental colors is superb. I think it is perhaps its sense of stability that makes it seem otherworldly compared to the products of the present younger group of Swiss composers. To say something is dated is in no way inimical. Burkhard is dated, so is Rembrandt, and so is Frank Martin, whose perky *Symphonie concertante* is coupled with the Burkhard.

Dated, too, is the disc devoted to lieder composed in the earlier part of the twentieth century but spiritually of the nineteenth. It includes songs by four composers: Walter Courvoisier (1875-1931), Karl Heinrich David (1884-1951), Huldreich Georg Früh (1903-1945), and Walter Schulthess (1894). With the exception of the French-oriented Frühs, they are all lieder in the German sense, and for the most part they are of a high order with shades of Brahms, Wagner, Strauss, Reger, and the earlier generation of lieder composers hovering over them. For the lovers of the German lied, these are splendid additions to the lists of better-known lyric works. But, sadly, one might muse that all of this is of a dying or dead era.

The Maori songs set by Früh are sung in German, but have a slightly Gaelic flavor. Certainly there is noth-

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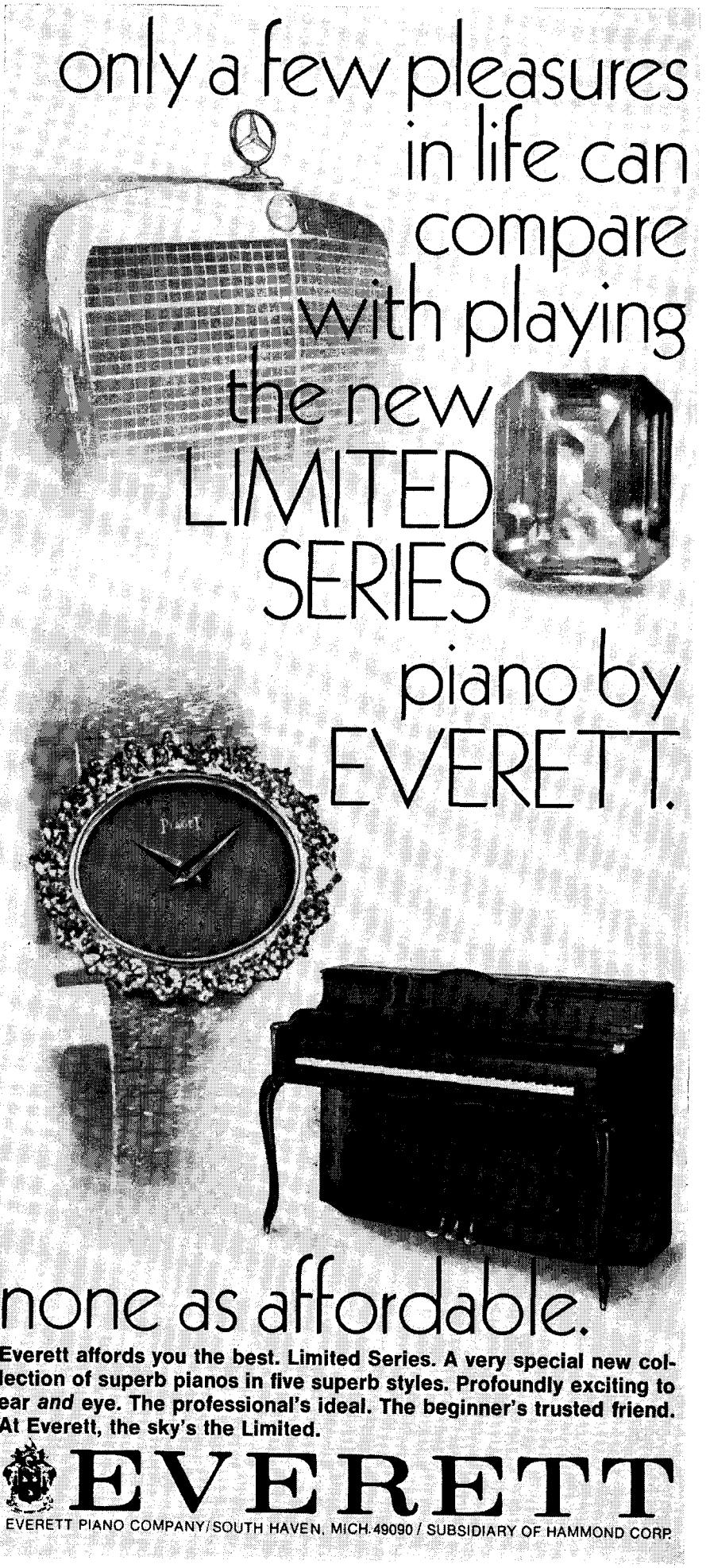
ing primitive about them, and the translation of Maori poems emerges as something thoroughly European.

Walter Schulthess' *5 Lieder* are the best of the lot, and they put to shame many of the serious song writers of his own generation. I have never before heard a note of Schulthess' music. His catalogue is apparently very small but, judging by these songs, he is a man of enormous musicality and rare subtlety. The Swiss could do a great service by recording some of his major works.

A disc containing works by Balissat (1936), d'Alessandro (1911-1959), and Haug (1900-1967) is more holes than cheese! Not much better is a catchall disc featuring six composers. I have never admired or even liked the music of Armin Schibler (1920), and his *Concerto breve* for cello and strings does not alter my reaction. It is eclectic in the worst conservative way. So, too, the routine Flute Concerto by a composer who hopefully makes his recording debut-farewell appearance simultaneously. He is Jean Apotheloz (1900-1965). But the disc is not only salvaged but wonderfully distinguished by Frank Martin, whose two choral pieces, *Ode* and *Sonnet,* are delightful. The rest is tedium.

The avant-garde group of younger Swiss composers follows the same formulas and predictable experiments being belabored rather slavishly by countless gifted and nongifted musical practitioners in both Europe and America. It is often difficult to find even the gist of an original idea; yet each composer seems to be striving for it with the greatest determination. The composers in this young group include Hans Ulrich Lehmann (1937), Jürg Wyttenbach (1935), Jacques Guyonnet (1933), and Heinz Holliger (1939).

The *Mosaic* for clarinet and *Spiele* for oboe and harp by Lehmann are rather heehaw, spastic, fussy pieces that amble through the sonic possibilities of the instruments. Jürg Wyttenbach's *Divisions* for piano and nine solo strings is a post-Webernian assemblage of all the tricks of the trade, with minimal originality. In Heinz Holliger's *Polyphonie III*, the "nuances, tempi, phrasing, and dynamics are here carefully noted leaving no room for interpretive license," the liner notes tell us. One presumes that all the instructions are carried out to the letter. It is another of those more-of-the-same pieces, like the sound-alikes of another era, written by all those minor contemporary imitators of Haydn and Mozart. Holliger is one more of the same. As any good Swiss can tell you, it takes more than holes to make a cheese.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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Orchestras and Organizations

PHILIP HART in "The Symphonic Strike Season" [*SR*, Sept. 26] neglects the economic considerations that represent the heart of almost every dispute—and of the problems—besetting the orchestras today. In his discussion of the artistic implications of orchestra-labor relations, he makes several errors.

Mr. Hart states that "no orchestra . . . can undertake a supplementary series of programs devoted to baroque, eighteenth-century, or modern works for smaller forces." The orchestras of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Washington, Denver, and Atlanta, among others, do exactly that, "splitting" their orchestras, with the remaining members of the orchestra playing pops, children's concerts, or opera. The right to split in this way has in almost every case been added to union contracts in the past five years.

The "major scheduling limitation" requiring orchestra managements to post schedules of specific works to be rehearsed several weeks in advance exists only in Chicago, as far as I know. Scheduling restrictions, which protect the musicians' opportunities to teach or play free-lance jobs, may have some justification when a symphony society hasn't the means to replace such lost income (eleven of the thirty major orchestras pay an annual minimum wage under $7,000).

While several orchestras have agreed to extremely unwieldy hiring procedures, it is unfair to blame the musicians for restrictions on "importation" of out-of-town players. These restrictions are almost always imposed by the local union (a small fraction of whose members are symphony players), who continue to discriminate against "import" members—even after they have been engaged—by limiting their outside employment opportunities.

Hart is incorrect in stating that contract restrictions do not "take into account changing conditions in transportation facilities." With the completion of the interstate highway system many orchestras have changed their limitations on permissible bus mileage while on tour to permissible bus hours. Most contracts also encourage the use of air transportation. It should be noted that from the orchestras' points of view, changes in transportation facilities have not represented progress; travel formerly done while asleep in Pullman berths is now done during the day in buses.

Hart's indictment of the musicians for expecting compensation for broadcast of their concerts is surprising, since I'm certain he is aware that popular entertainers and even prize fighters expect higher pay when their efforts are broadcast. In most of the civilized world, government assumes the responsibility for broadcasts of orchestral and operatic music, and for compensation of the artists. Our society seems to place a low value on such broadcasts, and the problem is compounded by the musicians' overestimation of the demand for the artistry to which they have devoted their lives.

Hart adds Dorati, Susskind, and Schippers to the list of "full-time" conductors. Of these, only Maestro Susskind will spend more than fifteen weeks per season with his orchestra in 1970-71 and 1971-72.

Hart's assertion that "if, in fact, the day of the full-time resident conductor is fading, it becomes all the more incumbent upon management and sponsors of orchestras to hold the line against the infringement upon artistic policy by the personnel of the orchestras" represents an unfortunate non sequitur. The players ask, not unreasonably, whether in the absence of a conductor the management and sponsors know more about artistic policy than they do. The important point, it seems to me, is that great orchestras, now as before, in Europe as in America, are built by great conductors, and that the power they require to do this building must be maintained for them.

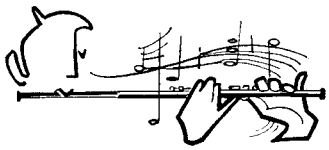
Finally, Hart states that "the bitter acrimony that characterizes so much of symphonic labor relations must be eliminated if continued public support is to be warranted." No one would make a similar statement about public support of railroads, education, or garbage services, all of which have been characterized by far more acrimonious labor relations. Support of our orchestras, which are among America's most developed, accepted, and widely disseminated cultural resources, is warranted just because they are what they are and have achieved what they have achieved. Far greater support—public and private—is needed, but no one should expect that this will depend on, or produce, an end to the manifestations of collective bargaining.

PETER PASTREICH,
Executive Director,
Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra,
St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Hart replies: "I have read Mr. Pastreich's letter with interest and am happy to learn of the specific local exceptions he notes to the restrictions on symphony orchestra operation by orchestra players that I reviewed in a general way. In the format of such an article I could not deal with each of thirty local variants, but based my remarks on general trends in players' demands as expressed in negotiations and in the players' own national newsletter. In my article I mentioned the economic implications, but explicitly confined myself in the main portion of my remarks to the artistic implications, which I felt have been too often neglected in public discussion of symphonic labor relations.

"Rather than comment on each instance cited by Mr. Pastreich that varies from my general comment, I want only to question his implication absolving orchestra players from involvement in 'importation' restrictions. These are, to be sure, rules set by unions, but, from my own experience and observation, symphony players' feelings in such matters play an important part in union rulings affecting an orchestra's ability to improve personnel and in restricting the nonsymphonic activities of players permitted to be imported; this latter problem is particularly crucial in those eleven orchestras with annual pay of less than $7,000 mentioned by Mr. Pastreich.

"Mr. Pastreich's comparison of symphonic musicians with entertainers and prize fighters, and his equation of symphonic services with those of railroads, education, and garbage removal, remind me of the player, quoted in my article, who put himself in the same class as plumbers. Much as we who are deeply dedicated to the symphonic institution may wish to believe in the indispensability of our cause, our endeavors are, for better or worse, of a quite different order



from education or public utilities in our scheme of community values. The taxpayer or consumer, however reluctantly, will in the end pay the price for acrimonious labor disputes in such essential services, but I fear the impact on financial donors, either private or public, of similar attitudes in an institution that does not enjoy the same degree of civic indispensability and that still, after two generations for which statistics are available, attracts the same 3 to 5 per cent of the total adult population to its paid concerts."

THE RECENT article by Philip Hart gave readers a slanted opinion on the problems of our symphony orchestras and their present financial troubles, and a rather bleak augury for their survival. Much that he writes about the "strike" cycle is true, and I got the impression that he would have these musicians overlook their importance as artists and ignore the economic strain of rising inflation.

For people who must spend as much as fifteen years preparing for their careers, I do not find it unreasonable for them to bargain for salaries equal to those in other professions. I have no fear that their demands will ever price the symphony orchestra out of existence, but I do think that several other important economies—long overdue—can be instituted. I would welcome a discussion on this subject, and, in view of Mr. Hart's imminent publication of his book, I suggest that he might be willing to spend an hour with me.

I am seventy-two, a former member of The Philadelphia Orchestra, with which I served for forty-three years, for twenty of which I was also the personnel manager. My experience on "both sides of the ledger" might prove enlightening and useful. I have no ulterior motive except to offer constructive suggestions.

HENRY W. SCHMIDT,
Philadelphia, Pa.

AS A MEMBER of the Chicago Symphony

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Orchestra for nine years, I'd like to reply to a number of points raised by Philip Hart.

First, the autocratic role of conductors has not contributed to the long-range welfare of the players. Improvements in both the economic and artistic status of American professional symphonic musicians are due almost entirely to the efforts of the musicians themselves. Mr. Hart describes the economic gains made by musicians since 1960. He complains about the increased militancy of musicians during the same period. Yet he misses the obvious connection between the two.

Second, regarding the musicians' demand for advance scheduling, Hart implies that this demand shows an unwillingness to put in an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. What he doesn't see is that musicians use that time for the many hours of practice needed to maintain the high level of skill routinely demanded by top American orchestras. Teaching is not a mere money-grubbing pastime, as he also implies. How could the great conservatories that Hart praises exist without the orchestral musicians to teach in them? As a final point on this subject, advance scheduling has never been a problem for competent conductors.

Finally, a greater role by musicians will result in higher musical standards. In only nine years, I've seen three managers and four music directors. During this time, I've also seen the hiring of incompetent musicians and the firing of fine talent by some of these conductors and managers. If, in fact, the day of the resident conductor is fading, there is all the more reason to put artistic and personnel decisions in the hands of the musicians, who are the essence of great orchestras.

RICHARD S. KANTER,
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps they should have the responsibility for support, also.*

On Messiaen and Ogdon

I RECEIVE *SR* by sea mail, hence this delayed response. Being a regular and interested reader of Irving Kolodin's reviews, I should like to offer one or two small corrections, based upon my own great interest in the music of India and of Indonesia.

In his review of John Ogdon's recording of Messiaen [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, June 27], Mr. Kolodin refers to the "Indian musician Carngadeva." Sarangadeva, or Sarngadeva (but not Carngadeva), was the Kashmiri author of *Sangita Ratnakara*, a thirteenth-century Sanskrit treatise on Indian music to which musicologists in this country frequently and respectfully have deferred, even to this day. Though Sarngadeva quite probably was also a musician, he is known today primarily as a great theoretician who attempted to reconcile an already prodigious theoretical heritage with the musical practice of his time. He lists 120 *talas* (repetitive rhythmic cycles) then in use, giving the name and rhythmic configuration of each. Many of the *talas* and *ragas* described in *Sangita Ratnakara* (nowadays generally abbreviated as *SR*!) have survived the hazards of oral transmission

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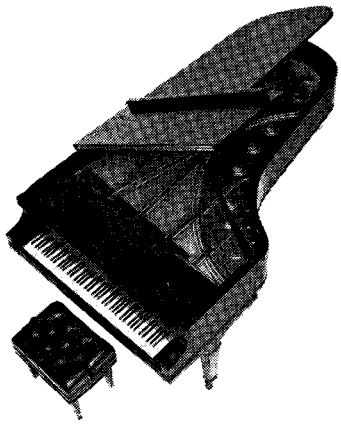

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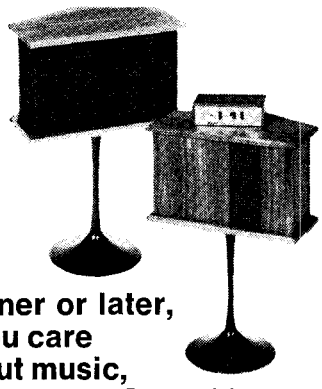

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over the centuries and may be heard in today's classical performances.

A bit further on in the same review, one reads "amid all the gamelon-like sonorities." The spelling should be "gamelan."

JON B. HIGGINS,
Kilpauk, Madras, India.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The references were derived from the comments in the Argo album.*

The Human Side of Szell

RE: "My George Szell" by Henri Temianka [*SR*, Sept. 26]. Mr. Temianka's touching reminiscences of his cherished friendship with George Szell were lovely to read and a refreshing change from much of the recently published biographical and anecdotal material about that most aristocratic of modern maestros. Like Temianka, many of us who knew and loved Dr. Szell and the art he served so nobly had experienced a personality quite different from the image often created by the press. My own personal contacts with him (Cleveland Orchestra Chorus) attest to the complexity of the man. True, there was no question about his relentless drive for perfection nor of the convictions of his musical and artistic ideals. But I think few audience members ever realized that he was capable of great warmth, religious fervor, and a keen wit. He could be a taskmaster one moment and a generator of intense excitement the next. For me, there was always a sense of sharing between conductor and musicians. I always felt greatly privileged to be present at those moments when he had reached the heart of a great composition. It was always as if a heretofore undiscovered secret had been suddenly revealed. I am sure that Temianka's sense of loss is shared by many, many devoted admirers of his friend. Thanks to him for sharing "his George Szell" with us.

DARRELL R. COOK,
Chesterland, O.

"Requiem" by Dvořák

RE: "Dvořák's 'Requiem' by Kertesz," by George Louis Mayer [*SR*, Sept. 26]. There was an error in Mr. Mayer's statement: "Between 1901 and 1964, there was not a single performance in New York."

In 1953, I attended a performance of this *Requiem* at the Riverside Church. If I had time I could produce the program for same. However, I am sure the office of the Riverside Church could verify this. Please correct this, as this church has been a great contributor to the music world.

A. W. KYLES,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The comment refers to concert hall performances, rather than those in churches or under other private auspices.*

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 53

Campanella. SCHUMANN: *Papillons.* CHOPIN: *Etudes (Op. 10, No. 11; Op. 25, No. 9). Josef Lhevinne, piano.* Klavier stereo, KS 104, $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in D (Op. 28).* BACH-BUSONI: *Toccata and Fugue in D minor.* SCHUMANN: *"Des Abends" and "Warum?"* SCHUBERT: *"Der Erlkönig."* WAGNER: *"Magic Fire Music" (Die Walküre). Ignaz Friedman, piano.* Klavier stereo, KS 112, $5.98.

GRIEG: *Concerto in A minor; Ballade (Op. 24); "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen"; "Erotikon"; "An Frühling." Percy Grainger, piano.* Klavier stereo, KS 101, $5.98.

LIKE THE ALCHEMIST'S QUEST for a means of making gold out of brass, uncounted numbers of well-meaning—not to mention profit-conscious—experimenters have expended time and energy in the effort to mine tonal gold from the rolls of perforated paper bearing the names of Sergei Rachmaninoff, Josef Lhevinne, Percy Grainger, and Ignaz Friedman (to cite those itemized above). Each thinks he has improved on his predecessor, and perhaps he has. Some even believe they have produced a result indistinguishable from the living likeness of the artist contained on a disc. But none has nor ever will, because, in essence, what they are doing is reproducing the *mechanical likeness* of the performer, not the sound of the performer's playing.

In the present instance, the mechanical work has been done extremely well. But it would be a slander on the name of Josef Lhevinne for anyone to believe that he played the C-sharp-minor (*Moonlight*) Sonata of Beethoven with the clipped, angular phrasing to be heard in this reproduction of the piano roll, or that Rachmaninoff was so rocky rhythmically as the cut of Kreisler's *Liebesfreud* conveys him to be, or that Grainger always played *mezzo-forte.*

Of course, I am not—or perhaps I am—the ideal person to pass judgment on these discs; that is a task for which I am, in the terminology of the day, overqualified. I not only heard all of the pianists of this quartet many times live, I grew up with an Ampico piano and some of the rolls included in these transcriptions. The instrument utilized for these reproductions functions much better than mine usually did, but at its closest approach to perfection, what is being heard from the record is a reproduction of a reproduction. —I. K.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 41

zetti plays with the audience. He moves them about with the ease of a chess master able to do it all blindfolded and achieves the end game (final curtain) in much the same expert manner. To be sure, anyone who could already count *Lucia di Lammermoor* (which just happened to be playing across the plaza at the Met simultaneously) to his credit could approach any new problem with the assurance born of immortality, but Donizetti's style continued to refine, as *Devereux* aptly demonstrates. Domingo's ample voice was just the instrument to show where the tenor roles of the young Verdi had their beginnings, and Quilico's Nottingham, if not possessed of equal richness, indicated that the "Verdi baritone" also had a prehistory. In this company, Miss Wolff as the unhappy Sara, who makes the scarf that costs Devereux not only his love but his life, was occasionally overpowered —to which she responded, unfortunately, by straining for a power she doesn't possess. At other times, she performed with impressive intelligence as well as endearing musicianship. If general director Rudel, who conducted with a sure sense of drama as well as musicality, had a back-up soprano for Miss Sills, he could put on *Devereux* for a run. As it is the patrons will have to provide the run—to the box office.

At Alice Tully Hall later in the week, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center indulged itself by beginning its second season with a retrospect of some performers who had contributed much to the success of its inaugural one. In a sequence that ranged from a threesome (Mozart's Bach-derived Adagio and Fugue in F minor for three strings) to a septet, the balance of quality came to rest squarely on the four wind artists—Paula Robison, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Loren Glickman, bassoon—who performed Elliot Carter's "Eight Etudes" with as close to faultless fluency as one is likely to hear.

Had there been some way of anticipating the avid response of the quality-conscious audience to the invention, artistry, and taste of the writing as well as to the manner of its performance, certainly the sequence would have included the concluding Fantasy —which the composer modestly permits the option of omission. But it is the function of artistic director Charles Wadsworth to overrule options of overmodest composers, especially one of Carter's abilities.

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MORROW

Pornography

Continued from page 27

seemed pornographic at one time, but now it strikes us as a bit of tinkly, quaint camp, and no one is maddened with lust by the sight of lighter-than-air bosoms ballooning away across the stage and into the audience.

The donkey formulation that art soothes while pornography excites would obviously be an argument in favor of pornography. It is popular among judges seeking liberal opinions without pain. In fact, of course, all art excites eros, and excites the more the better art it is, as a starry night excites, as good news excites. So the question is really, what manner of excitation? In a time of anxiety and boredom we need the love-inciting powers of art more than ever. The awfulness of privacy is the commonest of afflictions. Stories give us company and demonstrate the risks of isolation, the possibilities of communion. Pornography finally thinks of nothing more than the hand in the lap, and that is why it leaves sadness in its wake. But if the mind can deal with style, energy, complications and simplicity both, this sadness is overcome.

There was a time when *Lolita, The Ginger Man,* and *Tropic of Cancer* were considered pornography. Little more than a generation has passed since Judge Woolsey freed James Joyce's *Ulysses* to be taught to hundreds of thousands as the quintessential modern classic. To be called pornographic one year does not necessarily mean you'll be called a genius the next, but it does make one meditate upon the concept of "community standards." Molly Bloom's amplified lament, that rhythmic and repeated "yes! yes!," can be heard in many a rock song performed by your neighborhood high-school psychedelic hustlers. Greeting cards and sweatshirts print lines that were once thought to lead to fine girls' being felled by maniacs, or at the very least to stimulate the growth of horrid moss in boyish palms.

One of the problems in judging the weight of dirty words and ideas is that the pornography of violence, of political teasing and lying, is hardly brought before juries. Those who use cheating words to excite hateful passions are most careful to leave sex out of it. "Light my fire!" is the secret message, but the reassuring words are public mush. ("Only the Vietcong has committed atrocities in Vietnam."—Hubert H. Humphrey in Pittsburgh. "I think that history will record that this may have been one of America's finest hours."—Richard M. Nixon in Saigon.)

Unlike the character called Max in Henry Miller's book, politicians speak under their own names. Even if ghosts happen to write the words, they are supposed to be thin servitors; the characters on stage are responsible to the rest of us. The statements of leaders have consequences: the death of hundreds of thousands, the way of life for millions of survivors. They degrade the possibilities of love and understanding. They stimulate powerful feelings and cause violent outbursts. They cause people to despair of the social contract. They make it hard for Terry Southern to find a special role as pornographer.

The Christmas shoppers, taking their spicy books along with their Blue Chip stamps, know that they are part of the American economy, buying tokens and symbols, hearing and telling the lies they seem to need in order to protect their potency. Or to drain it.

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Booked for Travel

Continued from page 45

occupy a corner on the second floor, where the shopper can look down on the terrace below, a Persian carpet of spices and herbs, grains and peppers, oranges and garlic laid out under the almond trees. The coin dealers are imperturbable, content to squat in their long robes, scarcely glancing up from their paperbacks to sell one of the Maria Theresa *Talers* that bear the double eagle of the Hapsburgs, so long the legal tender along the back trails of Africa. Occasionally, they put down their books for a true collector who wants a coin in mint condition, but in this corner of the market the price is firm, the seller diffident. The trinket and handicraft peddler is active and malleable, pulling out a dazzling variety of Sudanese harps that look like a cross between a mandolin and a banjo, lengths of homespun cotton cloth embossed with drawings of chickens and fish, highly stylized and contemporary in look. There are carvings and doors whittled in bas-relief, and masks and decorated little bags to hold some personal amulet that will chase the no-goodniks back into the deep recesses of the jungle where no doubt they live.

West Africa swathes itself in fabrics highly individual in style and readily identifiable as "African." They have been adopted by the Afro-American designers who have turned the fabrics into handsome evening pajamas and dresses that bring together the essence of Africa and the fashion of Europe. Most of the textiles worn by both women and men (for the males it is the Sunday suit) are wax dyed and come from Holland. Newer techniques in two colors, often soft blue and white, resembling Asian batiks, are made by Baoulé and Guro tribesmen and by émigrés who have wandered down from Mali and Upper Volta. At the Treichville market, the bolts of cloth stacked to the eaves, the yards hanging loose on display, the hawking of the cloth sellers begin eventually to numb the mind. For those who at last can choose, there are banks of sewing machines where seamstresses will run up an instant made-to-measure garment on the spot.

Of all the arts, wood carving is the most obvious, and for the visitor it is the ready evidence of culture and of craft that sets West Africa apart from East Africa, which is now basking in a moment of high favor. The Ivorian sculptor uses woods of which few have ever heard—*ikoro, sewe, avodire, makore, blablengole*—a never-ending list of gobbledygook names, at least in the Americo-European sense. Only the silk cotton tree and a type of mahogany, giant logs of which float in the harbor at Abidjan waiting to be scooped aboard a freighter for shipment abroad, are at all familiar.

Among the sixty tribes who live in the Ivory Coast, the Baoulé of the central savannah around Bouaké and the Senoufo of the far north are the carvers of note. A collection of Ivorian carvings has been on tour in Rotterdam, but it is scarcely missed by the untutored eye. The local museum is jammed with the wooden lore of the small land. The building is old and poor, hot and dusty, and open to the elements. "*Hélas*," the curator says, "we are badly in need of funds. In truth, we are dying." Taking into consideration the doleful airs of curators, which is said to be endemic to the species, the carved culture of West Africa would surely be on better display in a modern air-conditioned building, its showpieces marked and explained. There is something to be said about national priorities when a casino is built first and heritage is left to rot in a seedy museum.

None of the museum's collection is very old, for the wetness disintegrates wood quickly, but the ancestor statues of the Baoulé, some of them in derbies, others in pith helmets, white jackets, and white shorts and socks in total colonial style, are a fascinating historical reminder of the French life and times in their immense West African domain. Some forebears, remembered in *poilu* hat and rifle, recall the African contribution to the French cause fought in far-off Europe in World War I.

Seven-foot-high sending drums, which were struck in case of war, or to announce the arrival of a dignitary, may provide some origins for our highly civilized custom of popping off twenty-one-gun salutes for visiting heads of state. Everywhere there is the sign of the crocodile, which in the tribal group called Akan is associated with fecundity and prosperity. And everywhere there are the masks created by all the Ivory Coast people, from those who live along the lagoons to the Voltaic people in the north. Masks are often a symbol of the village male societies, a lodge uniform of sorts, except the societies have more political muscle than fraternal orders are likely to exert in America.

Some academicians have speculated that in ancient civilizations built along strong matriarchal lines the man needed a mask to help him ward off the female oppressors. No one has hung this theory, with anything more than speculation, on the West African scene, but it is a comforting protective refuge on which to fall back if the Kate Millett forces become much stronger.

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(Continued from page 65)

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(Continued from page 67)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1908

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Son of Helios and Clymene, killed by Zeus' thunderbolt	158 167 171 199 1 32 56 67
B. Cause of pain or distress	76 106 127 163 103 31 43 62 72 131
C. Enchantress, protector of Amadis de Gaul	26 42 81 85 108 132 139
D. To the side	185 190 14 33 46 88 104
E. Cripes! Jiminy Christmas! (2 wds.)	111 134 164 20 55 73 84 116 117
F. Straightened; relaxed	128 142 176 184 191 15
G. Stone paving blocks	21 38 47 60 34
H. Chief deities in many primitive religions (2 wds.)	100 105 109 149 172 189 4
I. One that inflicts retribution	23 48 71 79 90 95 123
J. May, might (archaic, as used in casting spells)	138 152 166 200
K. Ingredient of the witches' brew (2 wds., "Macbeth")	36 78 173 3 7 59 147 181 9 140
L. Beams; barbs; columns	157 193 6 51 64 75
M. Play by Thomas Middleton (2 wds.)	83 98 126 133 141 151 160 2
N. Type of hex (2 wds.)	10 153 161 195 49 99 146

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Very gaunt	150 162 198 86 25 39 65 11
P. Mental or spiritual; private or secret	45 58 28 91 125 18
Q. Capital of Loire-Maritime	68 112 145 179 13 92
R. African charm, amulet, or fetish	169 17 80 143 155 29
S. Lycanthrope	70 66 135 156 94 197 12 148
T. Screened from a source of light (3 wds.)	107 188 30 44 159 174 61 118 40 5
U. Cotton-ginning center in the Nile delta	89 121 201 96 175
V. Occult or secret doctrine or science	35 178 119 187 196 93
W. Old World solanaceous herb possessing narcotic and poisonous properties	115 154 50 120 41 74 168
X. "And now about the——sing," says Hecate. ("Macbeth")	97 19 52 37 192 27 22 77
Y. On the contrary; in a measure	170 194 110 137 8 63
Z. Complete, perfect; utter	130 87 180 57 53 101 113 16
Z^1 Lacking firmness or determination; soft	182 54 144 177 183 24
Z^2 "Then to ——, add a hundred more." (2 wds.; Herrick, "To Anthea: Ah, My Anthea")	114 82 124 122 186 102 69 129 136 165

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 A	2 M	3 K	4 H	5 T		6 L	7 K	8 Y		9 K	10 N	11 O	—						
12 S	13 Q	14 D	15 F	16 Z	17 R		18 P	19 X	20 E	21 G		22 X	23 I		24 Z^1	25 O	26 C						
27 X		28 P	29 R	30 T	31 B	32 A	33 D	34 G		35 V	36 K	37 X	38 G	39 O	40 T	41 W	42 C						
	43 B	44 T	45 P	46 D	47 G	48 I	49 N	50 W		51 L	52 X	53 Z	54 Z^1		55 E	56 A	57 Z						
58 P	59 K		60 G	61 T	62 B	63 Y	64 L	65 O	66 S	67 A		68 Q	69 Z^2	70 S		71 I	72 B						
73 E	74 W	75 L		76 B	77 X	78 K		79 I	80 R	81 C	82 Z^2	83 M		84 E	85 C	86 O	87 Z						
88 D	89 U	90 I		91 P	92 Q		93 V		94 S	95 I	96 U	97 X	98 M		99 N	100 H	101 Z						
	102 Z^2	103 B	104 D	105 H		106 B	107 T	108 C	109 H		110 Y	111 E	112 Q	113 Z		114 Z^2	115 W						
116 E		117 E	118 T	119 V	120 W	121 U	122 Z^2	123 I		124 Z^2	125 P	126 M		127 B	128 F	129 Z^2							
130 Z	131 B	132 C		133 M	134 E	135 S	136 Z^2	137 Y		138 J	139 C	140 K	141 M	142 F	143 R		144 Z^1						
145 Q		146 N	147 K	148 S	149 H	150 O	151 M		152 J	153 N	154 W	155 R		156 S	157 L	158 A	159 T						
160 M	161 N	162 O	163 B	164 E	165 Z^2		166 J	167 A	168 W		169 R	170 Y	171 A	172 H	173 K		174 T						
175 U	176 F	177 Z^1	178 V	179 Q	180 Z		181 K	182 Z^1		183 Z^1	184 F	185 D	186 Z^2	187 V	188 T	189 H							
190 D	191 F	192 X		193 L	194 Y	195 N	196 V	197 S	198 O	199 A	200 J	201 U											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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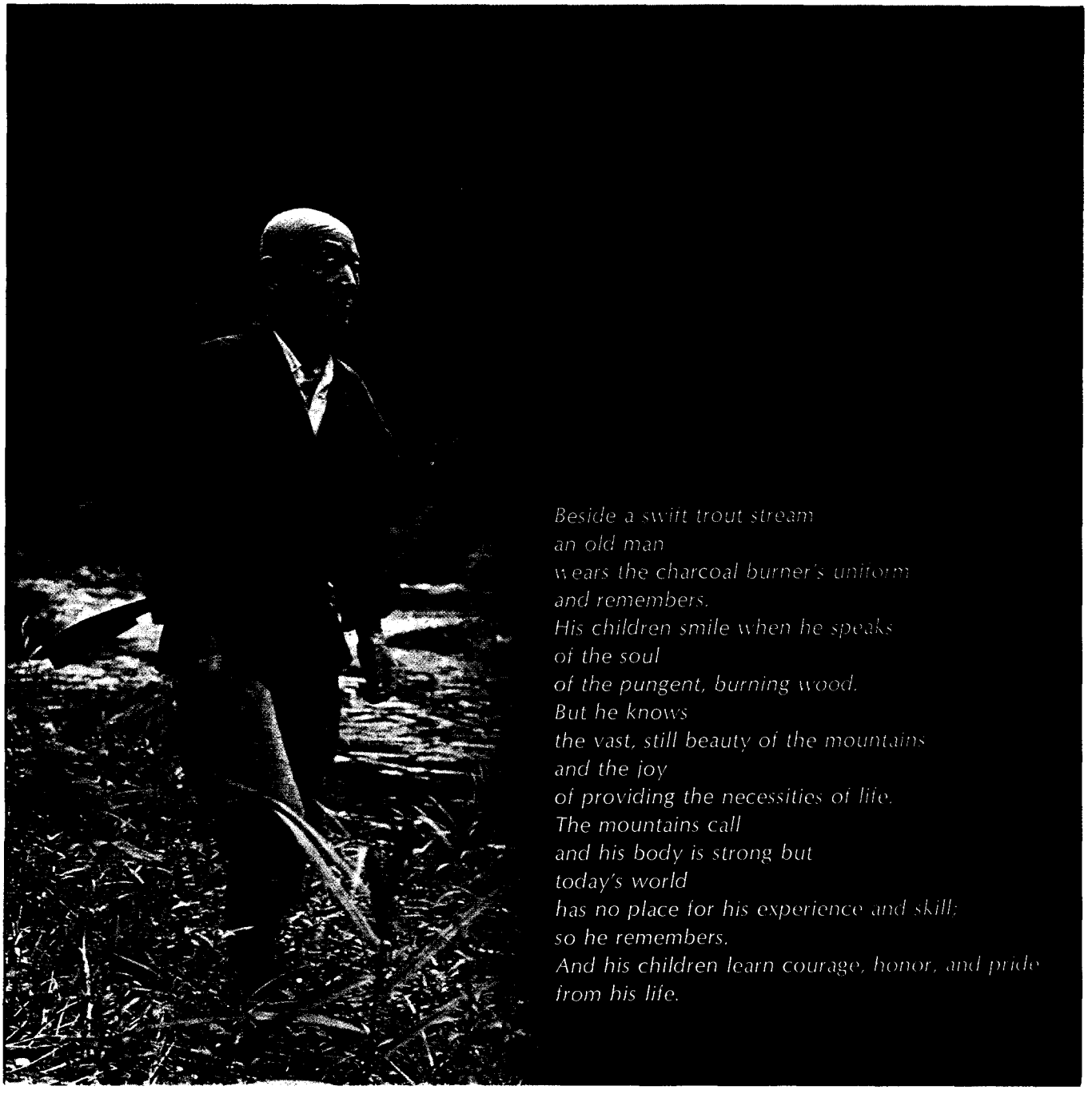

Beside a swift trout stream
an old man
wears the charcoal burner's uniform
and remembers.
His children smile when he speaks
of the soul
of the pungent, burning wood.
But he knows
the vast, still beauty of the mountains
and the joy
of providing the necessities of life.
The mountains call
and his body is strong but
today's world
has no place for his experience and skill;
so he remembers.
And his children learn courage, honor, and pride
from his life.

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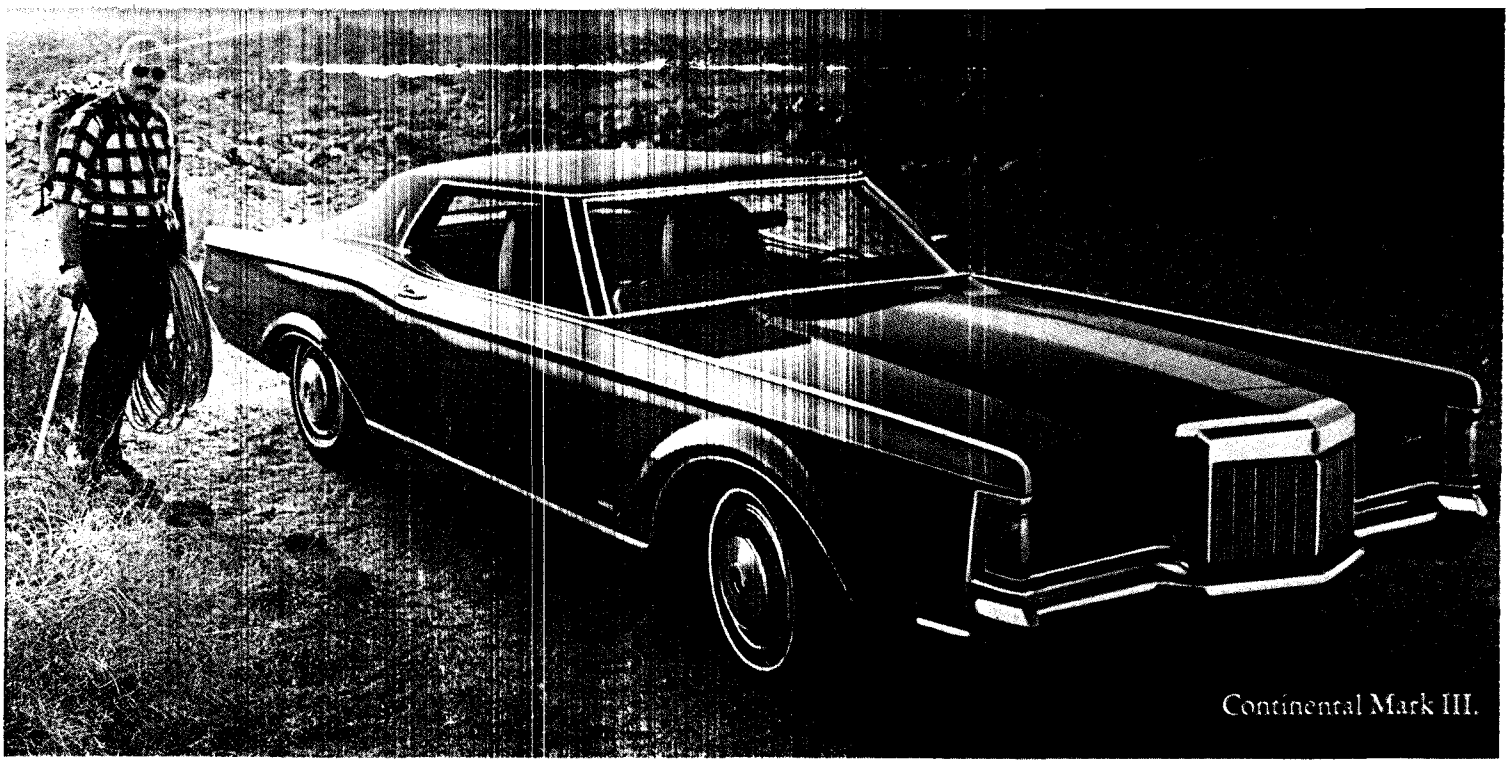

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